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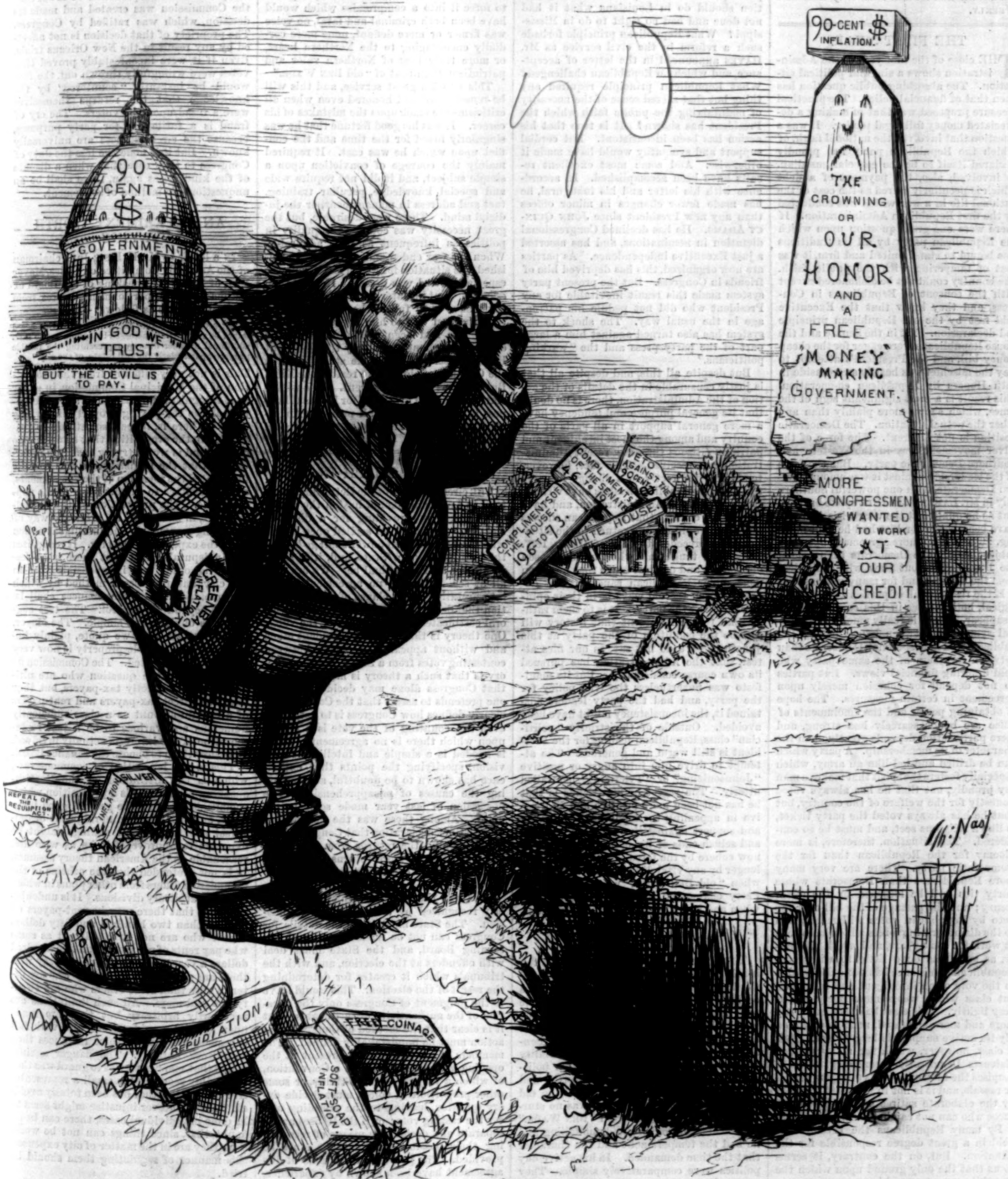
90 CENT $
GOVERNMENT
IN GOD WE TRUST.
BUT THE DEVIL IS TO PAY.
GREENBACK INFLATION
COMPLIMENTS OF THE HOUSE. 196 TO 73.
COMPLIMENTS OF THE SENATE 46 TO 19.
VETO AGAINST THE 90 CENT $
WHITE HOUSE.
90-CENT $ INFLATION.
THE CROWNING OR OUR HONOR AND A FREE "MONEY" MAKING GOVERNMENT.
MORE CONGRESSMEN WANTED TO WORK AT OUR CREDIT.
REPEAL OF THE RESUMPTION ACT.
INFLATION
SILVER
90 C
REPUDIATION
FREE COINAGE
SOFT-SOAP INFLATION.
Th: Nast

THE SLIPPERY HILL OF GEORGIA.

Once upon a *short* time there was an upright Hill (against the 90-cent dollar), but "*He*" caved in (on the veto against the 90-cent dollar).
N. B. the gentleman from Massachusetts looking for the late eruption of virtue.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, March 23, 1878.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains a fine double-page picture of the British Fleet steaming up the Dardanelles, and an engraving from an African sketch by* Mr. Stanley.

An Illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

THE FIRST YEAR.

THE close of the first year of the Administration shows a singular political situation. The absorbing public question has been that of financial policy. The practical measure proposed was that of making a depreciated money full legal tender. It was a question that involved the national faith, of which the Republican party has proudly declared itself to be the especial guardian. It involved, also, the payment of a debt which is peculiarly sacred as the cost of the national life in a war which was conducted by the first Republican Administration. If there were one great question upon which the Republican party by all its traditions was bound to stand united and firm, it was that of tampering with the public faith. The country could not be dishonored except with the consent of Republicans in Congress, and they knew that the Executive held fast by the old Republican principle and declaration. Yet in the Senate and the House Republicans were eager for the cheap money bill, and the President's attempt to stay the mischief was hastily swept aside in both Houses by Republican co-operation. This result is a most significant sign of the times, which shows more plainly than any other the actual situation. The Democratic position is not different. The force of the silver movement was in the Western and Southern Democratic party. But the force of the leadership against it was among Eastern Democrats, with one powerful Southern ally in Mr. Lamar. Mr. Hill spoke bravely, but as he quailed at the very crisis, it would have been better for him had he said nothing. There is no more agreement upon the subject among the Democrats than among the Republicans, but they will suffer less from the discord, and for many reasons.

If the rise and fall of parties were strictly logical, both parties in this country would disappear. There is really much more political sympathy between honest-money Republicans and honest-money Democrats than between members of the same party who hold differing financial views. But parties do not depend for cohesion merely upon agreement in certain measures. The hope of obtaining power and the emoluments of office are bonds scarcely less strong, and mere party action depends greatly upon the character of its membership. A party which can be drilled and led like an army, which especially fosters the spirit that makes a man say proudly, not that he has always voted honestly for the welfare of the country, but that he has always voted the party ticket, is like a religious sect, and must be so considered. The situation, therefore, is more gloomy for the Republican than for the Democratic party. There are very many more Republicans than Democrats whose party ties will be loosened by the silver frenzy; and the passage of the bill over the veto by Republican votes will merely add to the disintegrating forces which have been at work for some years, and which the party, as such, has done little to withstand. Republican dominance has been always due to the vote of an intelligent and independent class which wears mere party chains very lightly. This class has been evidently more and more alienated, until now probably its active support is largely lost. It is a class, however, which for many reasons distrusts Democratic ascendency, while it despises the alternative of voting for rogues or rascals, and it is not in the least troubled by the elaborate satires and sneers which those who can not cajole it hurl at its head.

By many Republicans the President is held in a great degree responsible for the situation. But, on the contrary, it seems to us that the only ground upon which the Republican party could hope to recover unquestioned ascendency was that which the President assumed. He accepted the wisest and best demands of the party and the country, which were for a changed policy in the Southern States, for preventing office-holding despotism in politics, and for an unsullied national faith. But there were strong Republican leaders who were for none of these things. The result has been an uncertain Executive action, for which, however, its most contemptuous censors must bear their share of responsibility. If the inaugural address of a year ago had been adopted heartily as the party platform; and if, instead of angrily questioning the first actions of the President, they had been sustained as in accord with the address, which they undoubtedly were; and if by harmonious co-operation in the new path the party at large had proved to the country its ability to change when change was wise—it would have been to-day complete master of the situation. If it be said that this could not have been done without total abandonment of Republican principles, we deny it wholly. What Republican principle required that a Republican Administration should do in Louisiana what it had not done and had no right to do in Mississippi? What Republican principle forbade such a reform in the civil service as Mr. Hayes announced in the letter of acceptance, and which no Republican challenged? What Republican principle required any thing but that sacred sense of the necessity of maintaining the public faith which the President has shown? It is true that his action has been inconsistent. But cordial support and sympathy would have made it otherwise. And some most excellent results have been accomplished. In accordance with his letter and his inaugural, he has made fewer changes in minor offices than any new President since John Quincy Adams. He has declined Congressional dictation in nominations, and has asserted a just Executive independence. As parties are now organized, this has deprived him of friends in Congress. But the present party system made this result inevitable for any President who did not peddle his patronage in the usual way. The shock to the system has also turned against him a large part of the party press and the "working politicians."

But despite all this, and despite all that is justly censurable in the details of the action of the Administration, there is no doubt that its general purpose and tendency have a more general support in all parts of the country and among the most intelligent and patriotic citizens than any recent Administration has received. This fact, however, tends only indirectly to a change in party relations. Republican leaders have virtually disavowed the Administration, and have taught the country that Republican success hereafter would mean a return to the situation that preceded the 4th of March, 1877. They have taught all who for any reason disapprove and distrust much that has been done under Republican sanction that departure from the old ways is, in their opinion, to betray the party. It is to them rather than to the President that history will ascribe the condition of the party at this juncture. We do not say, as our files attest, that the Administration has pursued its own course consistently. But its manifesto was nevertheless the true policy for the party, and had the party leaders sustained it, the inconsistency might have been avoided. Outside of the strictly "politician" class, Republican feeling for the President is still warm and generous. The attempt to drive him into angry or positive "Johnsonizing" or "Tylerizing" has failed utterly. The regret of his friends is that he has not been more positive and aggressive in appealing to Republican sympathy and support against the palpably personal and selfish ends of his opponents. Parties now cohere by the force of tradition, but no longer by any vital difference, as in the days when "old Ben Wade" was in his prime. Party change is therefore inevitable, but when and how are unanswerable questions.

EX-SENATOR WADE.

The death of "old Ben Wade" recalls the heroic age of our politics. He was one of the band of Senators who, in the last days of Democratic ascendency, maintained the true American and democratic principle which the Democratic party spurned. To the arrogance of the slave power these Senators opposed a resolution and an ability that have not been surpassed in our political history, and they were the worthy and lineal successors of the heroes of the old Continental Congress. There was no sturdier figure among them than "Ben Wade." He was uncompromising and unquailing, and he had the temperament and the character that the time demanded. In his active day politics were comparatively simple. They were what it is now the fashion to call "sentimental," although "Ben Wade" was rather a tough sentimentalist. They were simple, as great politics always are, and they consisted, in the case of Mr. Wade and his friends, in resisting the attempt, under a hundred disguises, to extend and perpetuate human slavery in the United States.

The cause of liberty had no reason to be ashamed of its advocates in the Senate when it counted Seward, Sumner, Chase, Wade, Hale, Fessenden, Wilson, and Trumbull among them. They were easily superior to their opponents, and the variety of their powers and characters made them a unique and memorable body of men. The hope of America and of progressive popular government was in their keeping. They fought step by step, at every point, with consummate parliamentary ability, with powerful popular appeal, with unanswerable constitutional argument, the sophistries and the ribaldry and the threats of a majority insolently reckless in the consciousness of power. And when, after the election of Mr. Lincoln, the design of secession became evident, and every kind of terror and persuasion was used to intimidate the successful party and to force it into a compromise which would have been both criminal and fatal, no voice was firmer or more defiant, none more cordially encouraging to the Northern heart, or more truly that of Northern valor and patriotism, than that of "old Ben Wade."

This was his great service, and this will be remembered and honored even when all criticisms are made upon the mistakes of his career. It was his good fortune that he was singularly fitted for the time and the conflict upon which he was cast. It required mainly the courage of conviction upon a simple subject, and it did not require wide and special knowledge, peculiar training, tact and address in management, or the judicial mind. These were desirable, but the great necessity was courage—a quality in politics as infrequent as it is admirable. When the war ended and slavery was abolished, the situation for which Mr. Wade was especially fitted was passed. He was then *emeritus*. But his later opinions and expressions have been full of the old fervor, and the situation was to him substantially the same. He had been a Roundhead all his days, and although not only the King but Royalty itself was slain, he still suspected the Cavalier of plotting to restore the King. But this was of little moment. It is with a sincere feeling of gratitude for his steadfastness in the storm that all patriotic Americans recur to the memory of the brave old man.

WANTED—A STITCH IN TIME.

The circumstances of the Returning Board trial in Louisiana should hasten the action of Congress in providing for a disputed election. It should be settled once for all whether any national power shall go behind the returns from a State, and, if it shall, what that authority shall be. We are now all at sea. There is no agreement in the interpretation of the clause of the Constitution that describes the opening of the electoral certificates and the count of the votes. One theory is that the Vice-President alone and without appeal may decide between contesting votes from a State. Another theory is that such a theory is monstrous, and that Congress alone may decide. But no one pretends to assert that the Constitution clearly defines how Congress is to act, while even the counting of the vote is a phrase upon which there is no agreement. What is needed is a simple and intelligible provision, specifying the points that experience has shown to be doubtful, and removing the causes of misapprehension. The discussion of last year made some points plain. Among these was the desirability of a distinct declaration that Congress shall not go behind the returns from the State, but when two or more returns claim to be authentic, shall determine only which of them is so.

This was the principle which was properly recognized by the Electoral Commission. The State must settle the details, for Congress can not be made a universal Returning Board, and the State must deal with offenders at the election, and with the tribunals which it creates for determining the result of the election. This would leave to the judgment of Congress only the question of the authenticity of certificates. But it is clear that the method of Congressional action must be unmistakably defined. The members of the two Houses present at the opening must be regarded as a Convention, of which a majority, or two-thirds, or some other proportion of voices must decide every question, leaving to the presiding officer the casting vote; or if the Houses are to separate and decide, the means of reconciling their possible disagreement must be provided. The probable conditions of disagreement have been shown by experience, and can be readily understood. It is humiliating to think how near the country was to a great catastrophe solely from the want of precision in defining methods, and it is amusing to recall the positive gentlemen who insisted that there was no trouble at all—if other people would only take their view.

If the committee who are charged with the consideration of this subject will confine themselves in their recommendations to the changes which are absolutely and obviously necessary, there will be no disagreement with their conclusions. But they will no doubt provide that the title of the President, when once declared by Congress, shall not be disturbed under the plea of fraud or violence in some election district. The object secretly sought by many persons in the Returning Board trials is to stain the title of President Hayes. But that can not be done. Fraud, violence, terror, untrue returns, a declared vote which did not represent the will of the voters in many quarters, are not denied. Indeed, it was because they were known, and because there was no adequate relief in the conflict of testimony and the interpretation of laws, that the Commission was created and made its decision, which was ratified by Congress. The propriety of that decision is not affected by any result in the New Orleans trials. Even if it were incontestably proved that votes were wrongfully thrown out, the fact would be instantly "countered" by the knowledge that the returns themselves were a fraud upon the voters. The cry of fraud is a futile one for party purposes, because the circumstances are universally known. But it is none the less the duty of Congress to take care that when a dispute of the kind arises again, there shall be an unquestionable method of settlement.

AN EXPERIMENT WORTH TRYING.

In a letter to Mr. H. Fish, Jun., chairman of the Assembly Committee on Cities, Mayor Ely, of New York, speaking of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, quotes from his first Message as follows:

> "It seems to me that the efficiency of this board might be still further increased by appointing to it an additional member directly representing the taxable property, particularly the real estate, of the city."

This is not very different from the proposition of the Municipal Commission, in so far as it recognizes the wisdom of a representation of the tax-paying property in levying taxes. There is, indeed, something so reasonable in the proposition that some change of this kind is worth trying that it is unfortunate that the Legislature seems to take for granted the rejection of the amendments, and so declines to submit them to the popular vote. The proposition of the amendments is, in substance, an arbitrary way of obtaining responsible and intelligent action upon the expenses of the city. It recognizes the indisputable fact that there is an immense ignorant and irresponsible vote in the city, and proposes a method by which the management of the finances shall be placed beyond its control. The test suggested is obvious and simple. The Mayor, in the extract that we quote, plainly implies that the taxable property is now very indirectly represented. The Commission do not enter into the question who are ultimately and indirectly tax-payers, but they take the direct tax-payers and rent-payers of a certain amount as a class sufficiently numerous and various to be a just representation of the interests actually involved, and allow them to choose the Finance Board.

This is the legislation of common-sense, which is the distinction of the English-speaking people. It is a proposition which commends itself to the general good judgment, and it is such an abridgment of universal suffrage as that suffrage might be expected to approve, if it be as wise and reasonable as the American theory assumes. It is not pretended that the scheme of the Commission differs from other plans in which there are arbitrary divisions. It is undoubtedly true that there may be rent-payers of not less than two hundred and fifty dollars a year who are not so intelligent as some who pay rents of not more than two hundred dollars a year. But this is only to say that there are young men of twenty who are fitter to vote than some others who are twenty-one and more. All such limitations are necessarily arbitrary, but they are made upon general considerations, and with full consciousness that in some instances they may work unfairly. The danger against which the Commission was to guard was that of possibly securing too small a representative class. But that has been totally avoided. And whatever injustice might seem to be done in individual cases, there can be no doubt that, since things can not be worse than they are in the matter of city expenses, this manner of regulating them should be tried.

For reasons that we have heretofore stated the Legislature should not fear to submit the question to the people. Doubtless the Democratic party, as a party, would oppose the amendments, and the Republican Convention last September declined to recommend their adoption. But they could be no more than defeated, and the discussion would be most serviceable in many ways. The spectre of a stupid and mercenary people is the bane of politics. It haunts Legislatures and Conventions, and makes their performance a parody upon their professions. Certainly it is not folly for a sincere faith in popular institutions to hold that a people fit to govern themselves will understand how suffrage can be specifically limited without endangering liberty.

GENERAL BARNARD AND THE JETTIES.

A recent statement in the *Weekly*, accompanying illustrations of the Mississippi jetties, unintentionally does injustice to General John G. Barnard, of the United States Engineers, who long ago proposed the jetty system. The project of a ship-canal to furnish an outlet to the Mississippi which would evade the bar obstructions was brought forward in 1832, and again in 1838. The Engineer Board of 1852 considered the subject, and General Barnard, who was a member, wrote the report, in which jetties were suggested. In 1873 another board, of which General Barnard was a member, opposed the jetty system, but General Barnard strongly dissented, insisting upon the necessity and the feasibility of the system, and his minority report was prepared some months before Captain Eads presented his project. The board of the next year, which approved the project, developed and amplified General Barnard's argument. It is evident, therefore, that Captain Eads's unquestionable merits and services can not be celebrated as showing the errors of his scientific brethren, for here is one of them whose recommendation of jetties and arguments for them preceded his own. Captain Eads himself claims no such distinction. In a speech to the merchants of New Orleans on the 15th February, 1878, he says:

> "General Barnard was the sole member who dissented from the views of the Fort St. Philip Canal Board, of which he was president, and who declared the jetty system practical, using, in 1874, the memorable words: 'The time will speedily come when the people's cry for a navigation unimpeded by rocks, an open river mouth, will be heard;' and even as early as 1852 General Barnard, with Generals Beauregard and Chase, all members of the corps, recommended the trial of jetties at the mouth of the river."

Generals Wright, Alexander, and Comstock were members of the board which, after visiting all similar works in Europe, decided by a vote of seven to six for the jetties first recommended officially by General Barnard. After the action of the board, the bill of Captain Eads passed Congress.

THE TREATY OF PEACE.

The progress of events in Turkey justifies more and more the expectation, which we have shared, that war will be avoided. The reasons for this expectation are many and obvious. The first is that, in any case whatever, Russia has gained so much that it is needless for her to take further risks, and the second is that among these gains is the alienation of Turkey from England. It is easy to understand that a deep hostility to England must rankle in the Turkish breast. The Porte went into the war undoubtedly with the knowledge that England was jealous of Russia, and with the conviction that England would at last engage actively in the conflict. It has therefore the disagreeable feeling that it has been cheated, and to its mortal cost. On the other hand, having thoroughly subdued Turkey, Russia would much prefer to have her as an ally than as an enemy allied to other foes, so that she will stimulate, so far as securing her own success will allow, the hostility of Turkey toward England.

The management of the whole peace negotiation has shown the diplomatic skill and tact of Russia. When the London mob broke Mr. Gladstone's windows, and the fleet hurried through the Dardanelles, and England fell into a gust of excitement because Russia was said to be at Constantinople, Russia took good care not to be at Constantinople, but to be quietly observing the armistice. Then the terms of the treaty were published, and while the English Turkophiles were exclaiming that they were monstrous and intolerable and amounted to a declaration of war, it was observed that there was no news of the signing. Russia may be shrewdly supposed to have been watching, and, by a familiar mercantile device, to have demanded more than she was willing to take. For when at last it was announced that the treaty was signed, the chief points of offense had disappeared, the Egyptian tribute was not required, the Dardanelles were to be a subject of the future consideration of Europe, the Turkish fleet was not to be given up, and the Russian army was not to occupy Constantinople. It is not easy to see upon what ground the war party in England is left standing. The net result of Lord Beaconsfield's management is that, after the immense advantages which Russia has gained from the war, and which she will retain without dispute, the questions that might have been settled at Constantinople before the war, and without the irreversible Russian gain, will now be settled after the war at Berlin or Baden.

As the case stands at the time of writing, England has no other pretense of war with Russia than that she is a despotism threatening British interests. But that is a plea for war with any great military power, and can not be urged even with plausibility. At all the points upon which menace of British interests might be urged Russia has quietly left the question to Europe, to which tribunal she unquestionably always meant to leave it. Her desire was obviously to fight Turkey single-handed. Her fear was that England might take part in the war. And now that the war has been just what she wished, Russia is quite wary enough to make the peace secure her gains. It seems at present as if the Congress must result in a settlement which will involve the practical elimination of Turkey from Europe, and a consequent gain to civilization.

GREEN'S LARGER HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE.

The extraordinary success of Green's *Short History of the English People* was due to three things: its brevity, its treatment of the national life beyond the strict domain of politics, and the admirable power of lucid and picturesque narrative shown by the author. The story of England is always interesting, but in the pages of Macaulay and Green it is fascinating. Mr. Green, who is an examiner in history at Oxford, proved by this work his thorough mastery of English history and his singular literary skill, and the larger, but not bulky, history which the first book implied is now appearing. It has all the charm of the earlier volume, with an opportunity for greater picturesqueness of detail, and it is truly a masterpiece of narration. The style is simple, racy, and vivid; the movement continuous and alluring. The life of the original Englishmen before they came to Britain, with its social and political conditions, is sketched with great felicity, and invested with a human interest. With all its grace and charm, the book is vigorous and wholesome in tone, free from controversy, but full of the indications of a sound judgment and a sweet nature and of the best historical spirit. The author's power of condensation without losing the interest and color, the light and shade of his story, is remarkable. Without the slightest sacrifice of what is essential, he is never dry. He knows instinctively that the stately prolixity of the older historians is now necessarily antiquated, and the very faculty that he displays of picturesque condensation without barrenness has become a cardinal qualification of the historian.

The work will be completed in four volumes, and is published in this country by the Harpers, who have already issued the first volume in a convenient and handsome form, reproducing the English, and the second volume will immediately appear. Four moderate volumes, of which the second brings us to the close of Elizabeth's reign, give room for a sufficiently ample treatment, and it is so comprehensive, complete, and satisfactory that Green's must become the standard history of England, superseding Hume not only as the popular history, but as the history of the people.

SAFETY ON FERRIES.

The late disasters in the bay and river during the fog have been made the subject of investigation both by coroners' juries and by the Board of Steamboat Inspection, and the matter has been laid before the Legislature by Mr. Brooks, of Staten Island, in the following resolution, which was adopted:

> *Resolved*, That the Attorney-General be requested to inform the Assembly whether, under the police or other powers of the State, it is possible to pass a law regulating the speed of foreign coastwise steamers in the harbor of New York, when navigation becomes dangerous by reason of darkness or fogs, through the compulsory use of fog-whistles, electrical or other lights, or in any other way which will tend to make the lives of passengers more secure."

In the case of the collision of the Staten Island boat *Castleton* with the steamer *Spain*, the jury upon the cause of the death of Mr. George H. Carey, who was the victim of the catastrophe, was composed of the most intelligent citizens of the neighborhood. After hearing the testimony they returned a verdict that the death of Mr. Carey was due to injuries received in the collision, and that "it is evident from the testimony that the steamer [the *Spain*] was proceeding down the bay at a rate of speed dangerous to life and property, considering the size of the vessel and the density of the fog." In the case of the *James Fisk* ferry-boat in the North River a verdict was rendered of carelessness on the part of the schooner.

The question involved is one of the very greatest importance to thousands of persons who must necessarily cross the waters around the city to reach their daily work. The authority that licenses ferry-boats can of course prescribe the reasonable conditions of the license, while if the State Legislature is impotent to control the movements of ocean steamers in a crowded bay during a fog, Congress must be invoked. In the mean while it is evident that passengers must take care of themselves by requiring a strict observance by the boats and their managers of such laws of safety as exist. Within a few days after the collision in the bay some of the passengers from Staten Island entered a complaint against a little and inconvenient boat called the *Blackbird*, upon which they had just crossed the bay, the boat bringing very many more passengers than she was licensed to carry. It is only by such prompt and vigorous action upon the part of passengers that their safety can be assured.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Matthew Arnold recently made his first appearance at the Royal Institution, London, as a lecturer, before a large and distinguished audience. Nothing could have been more distinguished than his appearance. He is a fine-looking gentleman, somewhat over fifty, but without a gray hair in the glossy black covering of his large head; about six feet as to height, neither thickset nor thin, manly, and simple. His evening dress is faultless; his side whiskers recall the fashion almost past. His air is that of a scholar; his manners not those of a man of the world—not awkward, but suggesting a kind of timid audacity. He bows graciously to the applause which greets him; holds his near-sighted glasses to his eyes; scans the audience with an evidently genuine desire to know who is present; stops when his eye alights on his handsome sister, Mrs. Forster, whose amused expression reminds him that he had better begin. He then holds his manuscript rather close up to his eyes, and begins reciting Greek.

—The Kentucky House of Representatives has voted $10,000 to build a monument to John C. Breckinridge.

—"The future Duchess of Manchester," says the New York *Tribune*, "formerly Miss Consuelo Yznaga, of this city, is said to have acquired so great a reputation for cleverness in London that it has been believed there that she was the writer of the 'Irene Macgillicuddy' papers in *Blackwood*." But the Londoners are wrong. This clever lady is not the writer of the "Irene Macgillicuddy" papers. Messrs. Harper & Brothers, who have just published them in a volume of the "Half-hour Series," are not at present permitted to divulge the name of the author of this very clever satire on New York society, which reminds one of the *Potiphar Papers*, and our contemporaries will have to put on their guessing caps again.

—Mr. Horatio C. King has withdrawn from the charge of the publishing department of the *Christian Union*, and connected himself with the *Orpheus*—a monthly magazine devoted to music and its literature. By this change the *Orpheus* gains an experienced and efficient business manager. Mr. King, in co-operation with the Rev. Lyman Abbott, the able and versatile associate editor of the *Christian Union*, has contributed largely to the prosperity of the journal with which he has been hitherto connected.

—The Rev. Dr. John Brown, of Newburgh, has resigned the rectorship of St. George's Protestant Episcopal Church, which he has held for sixty-three years. He is continued as Rector Emeritus. He is eighty-seven, and somewhat infirm. He graduated from Columbia College in 1811, and studied theology under Bishop Hobart. For a long time he was the only Episcopal on the west side of the Hudson between New York and Albany, and organized churches in several counties. In his pastoral service he has received into the Church 1530 communicants, baptized 1847, married 680 couples, and buried 2000 persons.

—Mr. James Mackey, the millionaire, proposes to bear the expense of the California mineral display at the Paris Exhibition, the Legislature of that State having refused an appropriation for the purpose.

—Mr. Benaiah Gibbs, of Montreal, has given $70,000 worth of paintings and bronzes as the nucleus of an art gallery in that city. Alfred Bierstadt promises to present to the gallery one of his finest paintings.

—Of the Prince of Wales, as he looked and spoke at Stanley's lecture, Colonel Forney says: "What a fine, hearty, clear elocution he has! Altogether English, yet without affectation, he captured every body; and he looked well." Stanley's discoveries, by-the-way, are to be verified by the French government, which will send the Comte de Semelle, an Algerian officer, to explore Central Africa from east to west.

—Prince Gortchakoff, the Russian Prime Minister, who has been at the head of the government since 1856, and is now eighty years old, is conceded to be one of the most agreeable men in the empire, and those who like him best are the men who have served constantly under his orders. He is the richest man in Russia, the subject highest in rank, the real ruler of the empire; nor could any thing shake him from his post except a great national disaster leading to a unanimous public outcry against the government. He would not have prospered as the minister of a representative government, for the gifts which make him supreme at the council table, in the drawing-rooms, and in the private colloquies with ambassadors would have been thrown away on popular assemblies. He has none of the bluff petulancy of Bismarck, nor of the smirking readiness of retort which enables Count Andrassy to manage the Austro-Hungarian Parliaments. He talks slowly, writes grandiloquently, and gives high-minded reasons for every thing he advises or does. Persons who might have expected him to explain some tortuous piece of policy on cynical grounds are staggered by his semblance of perfect good faith, and by the re-assuring promises which he makes in a tone of stately gentleness, to which his venerable appearance gives the stamp of wisdom and truth. His strength is patience; his talent lies in seizing opportunities the moment they arrive; and these opportunities come through the simplicity of the foreigners who trust him.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

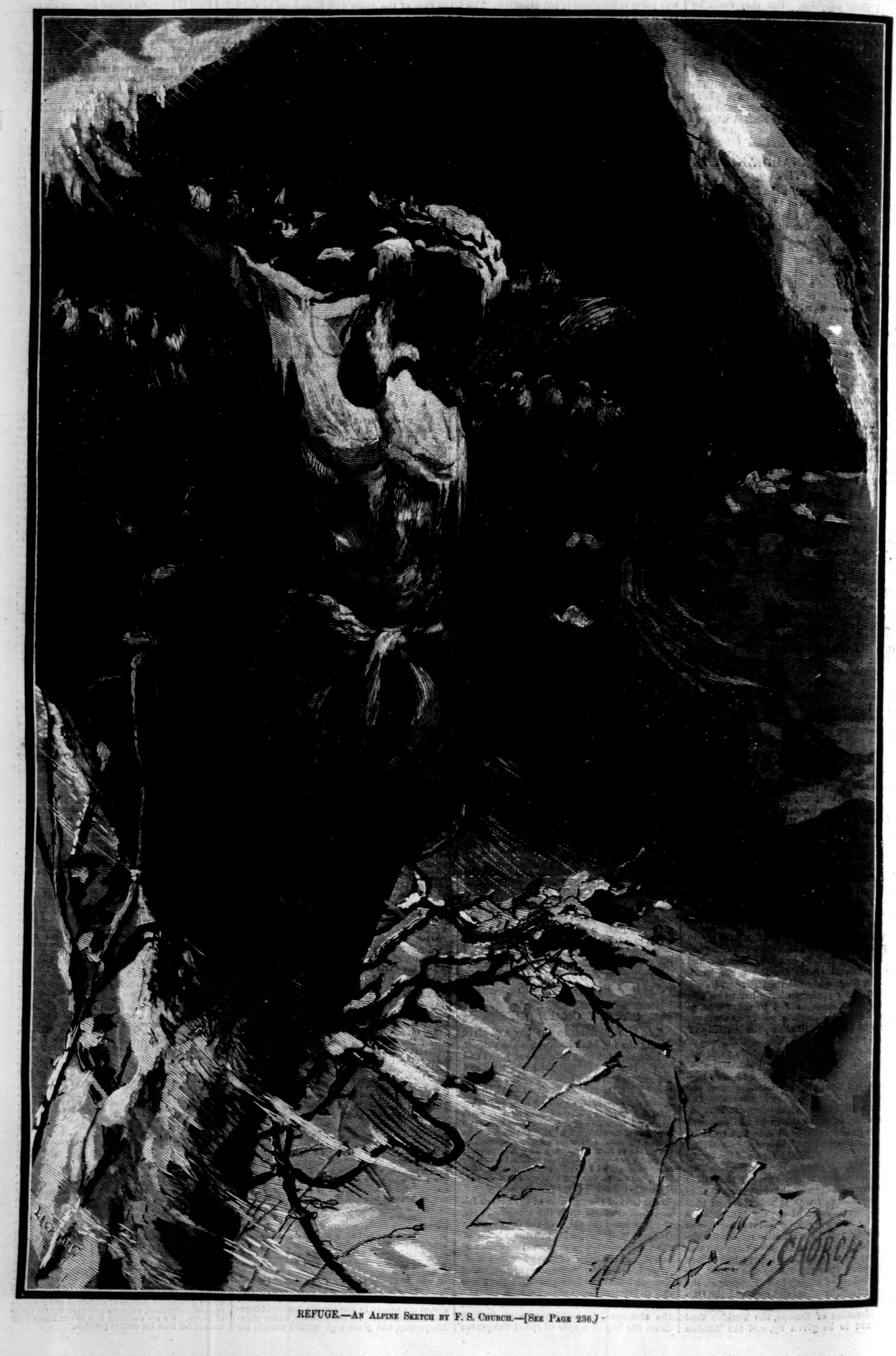
Congress: The Senate bill granting a pension of $8 a month to all soldiers and sailors who served at least fourteen days in the war of 1812, or to their surviving widows, was passed by the House on the 4th inst. The Senate, on the same day, unanimously confirmed the nomination of Bayard Taylor as minister to Germany. John Baker, of Illinois, was confirmed as minister to Venezuela, and William C. Goodloe as minister to Belgium.—On the 5th, the House passed a resolution authorizing persons having claims against the Chinese Indemnity Fund to present them. The bill to establish the Territory of Pembina was reported adversely in the House.—The Senate, on the 6th, passed the Long Bond Savings Bill, with an amendment making the interest four per cent. The House passed the Fortifications' Appropriation Bill, appropriating $275,000.

A disastrous fire occurred at Hot Springs, Arkansas, on the 5th inst.; 150 buildings, including the Hot Springs House and two or three smaller hotels, were burned. Nearly all the business houses and residences are gone. The total loss is about $300,000, and the insurance only $25,000. Fortunately no lives were lost. A fine view of the Hot Springs was given in *Harper's Weekly*, November 3, 1877.

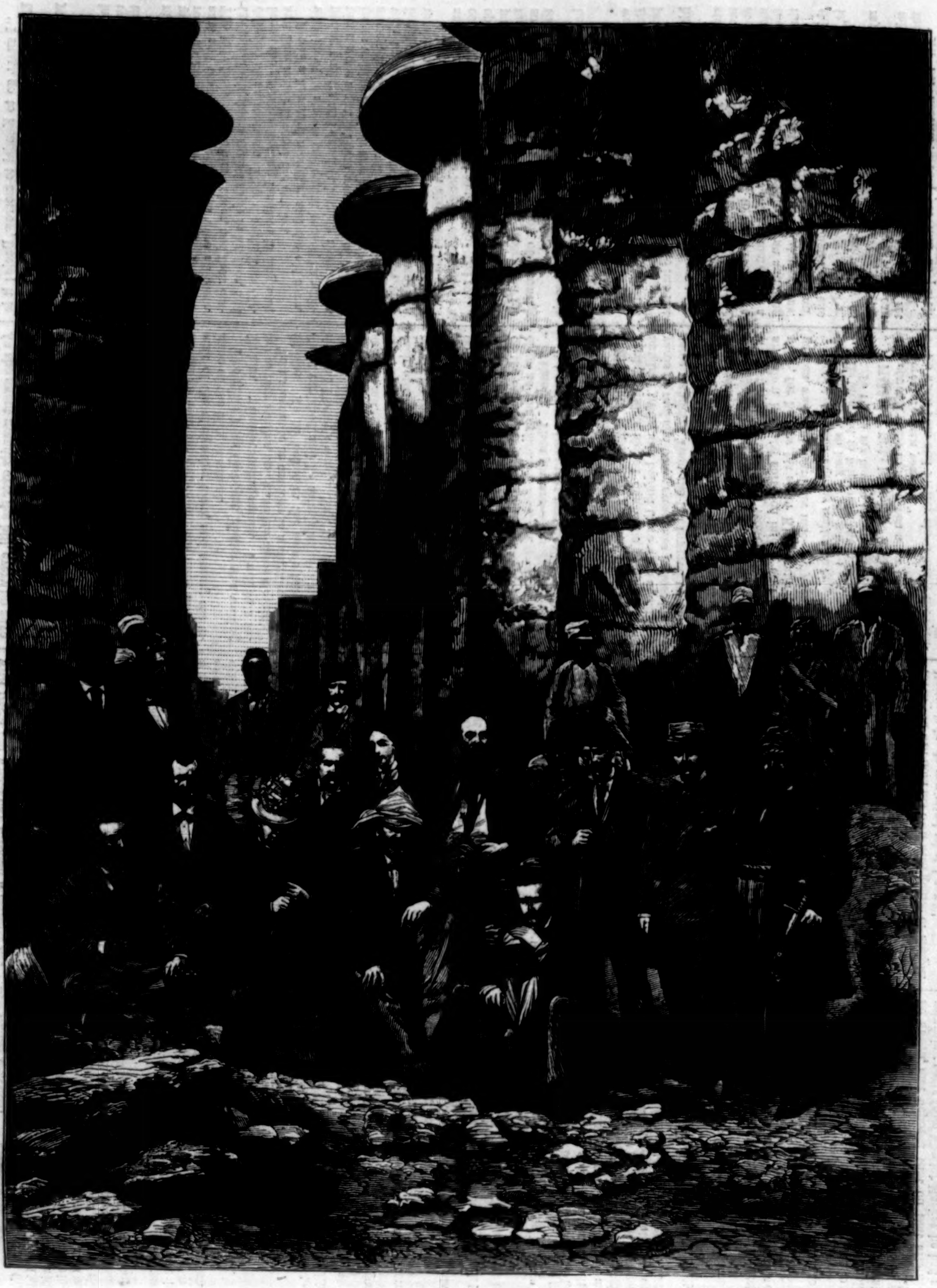
FOREIGN NEWS.

The Eastern War: Peace has been concluded between Russia and Turkey. The fact was announced by the Grand Duke Nicholas to his soldiers at a review at San Stefano on the 3d inst. The same day the Grand Duke sent the following dispatch to the Czar: "I do myself the honor of congratulating your Majesty upon the conclusion of peace. God has vouchsafed to us the happiness of accomplishing the holy work begun by your Majesty, and on the anniversary of the enfranchisement of the serfs your Majesty has delivered the Christians from the Mussulman yoke." The Sultan and the Czar exchanged congratulations as follows: The Sultan telegraphed: "On the occasion of the anniversary of your Majesty's accession to the throne, I offer my congratulations, with the desire of renewing our friendly relations." The Emperor in reply said: "I thank your Majesty for your congratulations, which I received simultaneously with the news of the signature of peace. I perceive in this coincidence a presage of good and lasting relations between us." The treaty bears the title, "Preliminaries of Peace," and contains twenty-nine articles. The opening articles relate to Montenegro, Servia, and Bulgaria. The indemnity is fixed at 1,410,000,000 rubles, but 1,100,000,000 are covered by territorial cessions. Nothing is fixed concerning the terms and period of payment of the 310,000,000. No guarantee is stipulated, nor is there mention of the Egyptian or Bulgarian tributes or the Turkish fleet. The treaty simply says that Russia and Turkey shall agree subsequently about the payment. Pirot remains Bulgarian, Servia includes Sienitza, Novibazar, and Vranja; Montenegro includes Antivari, Spuz, Podgoritza, and Nicsica. All the Bulgarian fortresses are to be razed, and the Turkish troops withdrawn. A military road will be established for the Ottoman posts and telegraph and the passage of troops, which, however, must not make any considerable halt while passing through the country. Mussulmans may return to Bulgaria. Any property of Mussulmans who have not returned which they leave undisposed of will be sold after two years for the benefit of the widows' and orphans' fund. Arrears of taxes in Bosnia and Herzegovina are to be remitted. The revenue until 1880 is to be applied to indemnity for sufferers by the insurrection, and to provide for local needs. Austrian and Russian commissioners will arbitrate in all disputed claims. Navigation of the straits is declared free for merchant vessels during peace or war. Six divisions of Russian infantry and two of cavalry will occupy Bulgaria until the formation of the Bulgarian militia, the strength of which shall be fixed later by Russia and Turkey. The Russian army of occupation will preserve its communications both through Roumania and the Black Sea. The expenses of the Russian occupation are to be borne by Bulgaria. Roumania is authorized to make her demand for indemnity direct to the Porte, and make a direct treaty. No indemnity is stipulated for Servia or Montenegro. Russian, Turkish, and Bulgarian commissioners will determine the Bulgarian tribute. The reform programme of the Constantinople Conference will be applied to Bosnia and Herzegovina. An organization similar to that granted to Crete in 1868 is stipulated for Thessaly and Epirus. No mention is made of Greece or Crete. Batum, Ardahan, Kars, and Bayazid are ceded to Russia. Erzerum and Trebizond are not mentioned, except that the Russians may embark at Trebizond on their return home. Asiatic Turkey is to be evacuated in six months. The evacuation of European Turkey is to begin immediately, and to be completed within three months. The European Danube Commission retains its former rights. The Porte undertakes the expense of re-establishing navigation on the Danube and indemnifying private losses, the amounts of which are to be deducted by the Danube Commission from the sums it owes the Porte. Russia receives the Dobrudscha to exchange it for Bessarabia. The question of the Turko-Persian frontier is to be speedily settled. The treaty is to be ratified within fifteen days, but its provisions become obligatory immediately. Nothing is said about ratification by the Congress, nor about the capitulations, nor of a Russo-Turkish alliance. The details about the payment of the indemnity, which were to have been arranged at San Stefano, have been postponed, and the negotiators have arrived at Constantinople. A dispatch to the *Times* from St. Petersburg and Reuter's Constantinople telegram both say that the exact boundaries of Bulgaria are: On the west the Servian frontier; thence in a direct line past Mitrovitza, Wranja along the river Karasu to Yenidje on the Ægean Sea. The southern coast extends from Yenidje to a point midway between Kavala and Dedeagatch. Thence the line runs northward to Tchermen, and skirting Adrianople turns eastward to the Euxine Sea. The eastern coast extends from Hekimtabiassi to Mangali, and from Mangali the line runs northward to Rassova on the Danube. The election of the Prince of Bulgaria is to be under the surveillance of a Russian commissioner, and another Russian commissioner will superintend the reforms in Turkish Armenia. The Soghanlu range will form the boundary between the Russian and Turkish possessions in Asia.—The British House of Commons, on the 4th, passed the war estimates, fixing the strength of the army at 135,452 men.—Special dispatches from various points in the Greek provinces of Turkey indicate that the insurrection is spreading.

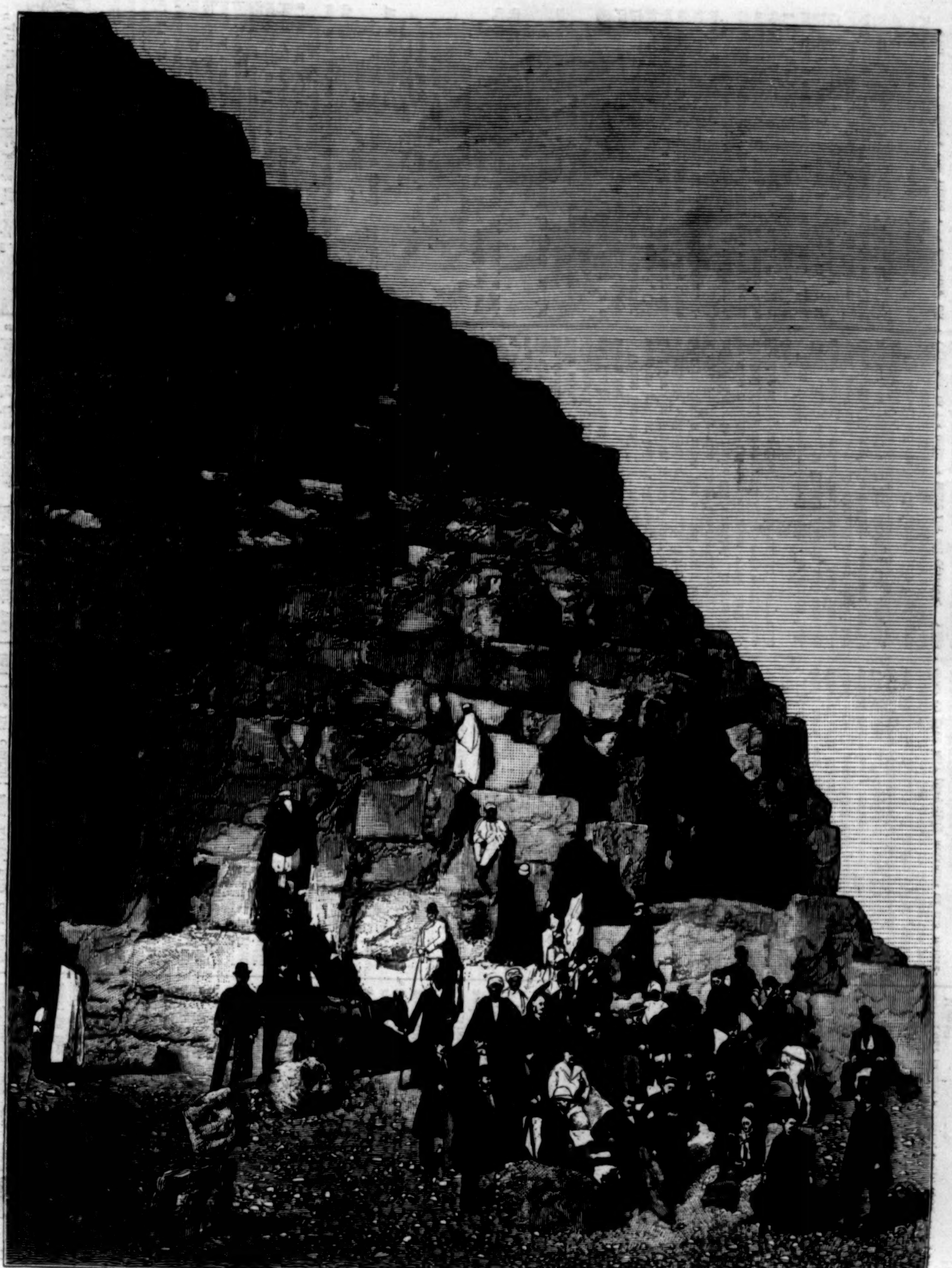
King Humbert opened the Italian Parliament in person on the 7th inst. In his speech from the throne, referring to the Holy See, he said: "Pope Pius IX., after governing the Church for thirty-two years, has descended to the tomb, regretted and venerated. The rites of electing his successor have been performed in perfect freedom, and without disturbing the tranquillity of the state, the peace of consciences, or the independence of the ministers of religion. By maintaining our institutions, and reconciling respect for religion with a determined defense of state laws and the principles of civilization, we prove how great are the fruits of liberty. We are confident that in our hands Italy will not fall from her exalted position."


LAGARDE
CHURCH

REFUGE.—An Alpine Sketch by F. S. Church.—[See Page 236.]



AT KARNAK.



AT THE FOOT OF A PYRAMID.

GENERAL GRANT IN EGYPT.—From Photographs.—[See Page 238.]

FLETTER AND GISBORNE.

"I shall go to Kendal to-morrow, Dacie; it is Lammas Fair."

"Better bide at hame, squire; there is naething you need for either house or land."

"What do you say, Kitty?"

"I say, *go*, Tom. You can wear your new hunting suit, and bring me a blue ribbon;" and pretty Kitty Gisborne emphasized her opinion in a way that her brother always found irresistible.

Of course Tom went to Kendal Fair. He had made up his mind to go before he spoke of the matter; and there was not a handsomer fellow rode up Stricklangate next morning. His servants and tenants and shepherds were all there. The jolly farmers gave him a cheer, and their buttercups of daughters smiled shyly in his face, and dropped him a courtesy. They thought Tom Gisborne the grandest-looking landlord in England, and Tom rather favored the opinion.

It was a beautiful morning, and the old town, with its white streets and quaint houses, its whispering poplars and dancing, leaping river, was a picturesque sight. There were rows of lads and lasses waiting for their new hirers and their arles-money, farmers' wives with snowy baskets piled with butter and eggs and cream-cheeses, open booths full of cheap merchandise, and clowns and tumblers, shows and wonders, of every description.

All up Stricklangate Tom dispensed his smiles and his shillings; but ere long he came among a company of stout, handsome men, who stood round open grain sacks, jingling the sovereigns in their pockets, or else criticising the animals in the horse market. This was Tom's favorite resort, and for some time he had the satisfaction of knowing that his horse, Belphagor, had no rival.

"Lad," said Faulder of Mains, "that's a bonnie beast. Whar didst git him?"

"Had him made to measure, squire."

"Then thou counted badly. He'll carry my weight better than thine. I'll stand to that. Buckle to, Tom, and try and chate me in his price."

"Belphagor isn't for sale, Faulder. He has not his match in the North Country."

A minute later Tom would not have made this statement, for just then an extraordinary commotion among the jockeys drew the attention of every lounger in the market to the advent of a most beautiful dark chestnut-colored mare. In a few moments she was the centre of an admiring throng, and the object of extravagant interjections.

"Nobbut look at her mane, Calder—fine an' thin as a babby's curls; she's thorough-bred, she is, sure."

"An' her ears! they are sharp an' dainty as my Lady Calder's."

"An' trem'ling like two aspen leaves; you can tell what way she's thinking by the gate they set themselves."

"An' her nostrils!—full, yet thin as parchment."

"An' her wide haunches!"

"An' the curve o' her back an' neck!"

"An' her long sloping pasterns!"

"An' her eyes! they are fairly human."

"Oh, she is a perfect beauty!" said Tom, enthusiastically, as he fondled the mare's nose in his palm.

Nothing could have interested these men like such an appearance. The fact that her human attendant was no less remarkable was of little importance. Indeed, these handsome blonde giants, with their fair skins and respectable number of pounds avoirdupois, were little likely to appreciate the lithe long frame, the pale brown face, and the peculiar dark glowing eyes of the mare's companion. A glance at his black corduroys and his long curls satisfied them. None of the landed gentry of Westmoreland looked like a poet or a foreigner; and this man, in spite of an undefinable air of gentlemanly confidence in himself, had a savor of both of these objectionable characters.

Calder, of Calder Hall, being the oldest and richest man in the crowd, undertook the duty of inquisitor:

"Is t' mare for sale, Sirrah?"

"That depends on how much gold there is in Westmoreland."

"Where did tha git her?"

"She is from Lord Ilkley's stud."

"Then tha comes Yorkshire-ways?"

"Likely."

"Tha has been bred wi' horses?"

"Say that. Any of the Fletters would get out of their grave to swap horses, if you shook a bridle over it."

"Didst swap wi' Lord Ilkley?"

"I did my lord a favor, and he gave me the mare when she was a foal."

"Humph! he didn't know her value, happen?"

"We may give my lord what credit we can."

The conversation, begun on both sides in a haughty tone, did not grow more conciliatory. Indeed, it soon assumed a suspicious character, and after some particularly scornful speech, Calder openly asserted his belief that the mare was stolen, and his determination to hold both mare and man in confinement until he could communicate with Ilkley.

Then the stranger condescended to make overtures for his liberty; but Calder was angry, and would not listen. It was Tom Gisborne who stepped frankly to the rescue, and said: "Calder, I pass my word for a thousand pounds; I'll see no wrong comes to this Yorkshire lord. And, friend, give me your word and hand to be at Gisborne Hall a month from to-day."

"Take it over my mare's back, Tom Gisborne," said the stranger; and Tom shook hands with him across the disputed property. "I will keep my word, squire."

"I believe you." Then, in a whisper, "Take horse leave; you are not safe here."

The next moment the mare was dashing off toward the scaurs as airily as the flying fox when he leads freshly away from the cry of the hounds. In spite of their jealousy, pride, and anger, there was not a man there able to resist that sight. As she swept grandly over the hill, every lip gave her a ringing cheer.

After this adventure nothing but eating could settle the disturbed squires, and they adjourned to the Crown Inn for dinner. But Tom was not easy; he wished he had not come to the fair, and he was specially annoyed by an observation of Dryfe's of Dacre, "that the man was a gypsy, and that his method of taking an oath showed it." Altogether Tom felt inclined to go back to Gisborne early, and making some excuse about buying a "fairing" for his sister, he found himself in half an hour far away from the noise and tumult of the dissipating town, and among the silence of the hills at sunset.

Two miles from Gisborne, Fletter was waiting for him. "Good-evening, squire. I will walk Sabra to your stables, and leave her there a month."

Tom was not to be outdone in a chivalrous confidence. As he looked in the man's face, every doubt vanished, and he utterly refused any security but Fletter's word. Nay, the subtle instantaneous liking which had led him so unreservedly to pledge his credit in the horse market again asserted itself. Behind the human gratings of flesh and blood their souls saw and loved and trusted each other. Both men dismounted and walked slowly up the fell, and at every step Tom's liking for the handsome Bohemian increased. As they came in sight of Gisborne Hall, Tom said, "Where do you live, Fletter, and when shall I see you again?"

"I dwell among my own people; their camp is on the other side of the fell, and I can see you as often as you desire."

"Camp? Then you are—"

"A gypsy. Does that part us?"

Tom offered his hand again, and there was something in the act which Fletter understood better than words. They had now reached the Hall; a low stone fence guarded the sweet old garden, which sloped down the hill about two hundred yards, and behind there were about fifty yards of turf and bossy sycamores inclosed in the same manner. Then the fell towered up and up and up, covered to the top with broom and heather and the scrambling little white dog-rose. The Hall itself was a fine old dwelling, lichen-covered with age, and had been the Gisbornes' home for six hundred years. Tom looked proudly at it, and then his face softened into a still happier pride, for he saw his sister Kitty leaning on the garden wall, and heard her mockingly singing:

"'Oh dear! what can the matter be?
Johnnie's so long at the fair;
He promised to bring me a bunch of blue ribbon
To tie up my bonnie brown hair.'"

"Here it is, little Bluebell. And run round to the court, I want to show you a far more beautiful creature than yourself."

So when Tom and Fletter stood under the sycamores, Kitty was coming to meet them. She had on a pale blue muslin dress, and in her arms a basket of ripe apricots. Her brown hair was coiled low in drooping masses behind, and lay in rippling waves above her rosy face. The scent of fruits and flowers was around her, and a fairer, fresher little English girl never gladdened mortal eyes.

That was the beginning of it. In a week Tom Gisborne and Fletter were seldom apart, and the gypsy went in and out of Gisborne Hall upon terms very hard to define. Indeed, the man himself was a mystery; his gypsy lineage was undoubted; but apart from his knowledge of horses and wood-craft, he had no gypsy traits. He was not without education, had plenty of money, and indulged himself in extravagant clothing. People prophesied all kinds of mischief to Tom from this association, but even before Squire Calder had acknowledged that "it was all right about the mare," Tom had given Fletter his fullest confidence and friendship.

Months passed on, but no harm came to the master of Gisborne; on the contrary, he had made money by following Fletter's advice in various matters pertaining to horses and sheep. The two men riding together, or trailing their lines in the same trout beck, or carrying their guns in the same covert, were before Christmas a sight far too common to elicit remark. People had got tired of prophesying, and now waited for events.

Perhaps the most singular proof of Fletter's fascination was his influence over the old housekeeper, Dacie. Every thing Fletter did was right in Dacie's eyes, and he did a good deal that she would not have tolerated from any other person. He was every one's oracle: Kitty asked him about her dahlia bulbs, Dacie about the brewing, and Tom about the game. The shepherds on the fells sent for Master Fletter about the sick sheep, and the hostlers bowed to his riding-whip as if it was a sceptre.

When Tom and Kitty and half a dozen servants went to gather holly and mistletoe to deck the Hall for Christmas, it was Fletter who drove the wagonette, and climbed the highest trees, and laid first in Kitty's arms the sacred waxy mistletoe. It was Fletter who hung the mystic bough, and helped Kitty to make the wreaths. It was Fletter who fiddled till the dancers were half bewitched, and who sung till Kitty's eyes were gleaming like stars, or drooping like violets heavy with dew.

Tom never remembered such Christmas holidays. Kitty caught Fletter's spirit, and was like some happy, mischievous sprite. And Dacie—well, Dacie had actually danced every night; but then it was Fletter who led her down the stately minuet, or joked with her through the romping country-dance.

Gisborne Hall during Christmas-tide kept open doors; the dainties on its sideboards and the old October in its cellars were for all comers. This Christmas it was never empty. The young squire walked in and out of the great hall, saying something to every one; but Fletter sat on the big settle in the great open chimney, and kept up with Dacie the whole day through a rattling fire of jokes. It was very hard then for Kitty to be a great lady; she stole in and out after Tom, and a quick observer might have known when she was coming by Fletter's face. It grew fairly luminous, and his voice became indescribably soft and sweet.

When men fall in love with each other, their love of women is nothing to it. Tom loved Fletter with his whole heart, and on the morning of the Twelfth-Day festival something happened which proved this. A servant, from some motive of envy or dislike, drew Tom's attention to a couple standing in the barn. They were Dacie and Fletter, and their attitude was one of confidence and affection. For one moment Tom had a suspicion, the next he put it down indignantly, and dismissed the servant on the spot. "Dacie has been for twenty years the Gisbornes' true and loving friend and servant," he muttered; "and Fletter?—I love Fletter, and I *know* he is all right."

In the beginning of March Fletter had to go south, he said; but the camp remained huddled in the shelter of Coniston Woods. Tom moped dreadfully, and when the lambing season began, and was unfortunate, every shepherd on the fells was wishing for "Master Fletter and good luck again." Tom rode daily to the gypsy camp with presents of fish or birds, in hopes of getting something from the men about their chief's return; but they would not have spoken for his whole estate; and the women took his half crowns, and told him every thing but the one thing he wanted to know.

One evening in July Kitty was walking home through Coniston Woods. The little wandering breezes were laden with spicy odors of the bog myrtle and the larches, and the purple bloom of the bilberries tempted her at every step. She stooped to gather some, and when she lifted her head an old gypsy woman stood beside her. Laying her hand gently on Kitty's, she said:

"Let me read your fortune, pretty lady. Change the bonnie flowers to your right hand, and I'll tell you news you'll be fain to hear. See this cross, pretty lady, at the root of the first finger: that means a love match, and the lover's not far away. Do you mind what I say? Before three hours are gone you'll know what I mean. And don't forget the good fairies come like old women, and gold is picked up from the ground, and never say a sealed letter is an ill letter, and good may come as well as bad, and honor as well as shame, and the lad you love you'll take, and never fear the ending. Do you mind what I say?"

"Elcy Spate, when is your master coming back?"

"My master is not born, pretty lady; and my chief's my brother, and my homage is my love. The lad you love is your master, and the lad that loves you will hold his own with gentle or simple. Pretty lady, do you mind what I say?"

Then Elcy was gone, and somehow the wood had lost its charm; and Kitty, who had been happy enough, went softly home with the shadow of tears in her eyes. But in less than an hour there was an odd commotion in the hall. She ran down stairs, and Dacie was laughing and crying and emptying the larder on to the table; and Tom ordering every body round, with the old ring in his voice; and Fletter lolling among the white sheep fleeces that bedded the big settle, and watching Tom with strangely wistful eyes.

The welcome gypsy lord offered no explanation of his absence, and quietly resumed his old ways at Gisborne. Tom insisted that nothing had gone right in his absence, and the young men were more and more inseparable. But the neighboring squires did not share Tom's infatuation, and so Fletter never went to Kendal Market. Generally that one day every week he spent with Dacie in the great hall, or, if the weather was fine, among the flowers and shrubbery in the sweet old garden. He said he loved the smell of the wall-flowers, and that they made him dream of a better life. Perhaps Dacie believed him, perhaps she did not.

But this romantic friendship was soon to have a great shock. Early in August, as Tom and Fletter were going one morning to the reapers in the wheat fields, a couple of constables walked up to Fletter and bluntly arrested him for the murder of a peddler in Coniston Woods some time between three and five on the afternoon of the previous day.

Fletter shrugged his shoulders and laughed at the charge, and Tom was speechless, because he had been in Kendal until quite late that day, and could not, therefore, account for his friend's doings. The preliminary examination fixed suspicion so strongly on Fletter that bail was refused, and he was secured in Kendal Jail. Nevertheless, Tom's faith was not shaken. Fletter had given him his hand and vowed that he was innocent, and he was implicitly believed.

But the gypsy was hard to manage: confinement was worse than death to him, and he feared and doubted all lawyers. He placed no confidence in the one Tom procured, and was so aggravating as to declare that he could prove an *alibi*, but was not disposed to do so.

When the trial came on, Fletter had voluntarily given his counsel no information, and the lawyer had ceased to ask him for it. The prosecution had it all their own way. They proved that the peculiar gully, or knife, found near the murdered man was Fletter's property, and that a piece of satin taken from the peddler's clinched hand exactly resembled the pattern of a neckerchief every body remembered Fletter wearing. The peddler had stopped at Dame Halliday's public for a glass of ale at two o'clock in the afternoon, and had been found dead at five o'clock, and the prosecutor ended the charge by defying the prisoner to give any plausible account of his whereabouts during those three hours.

Tom looked entreatingly at Fletter. For a moment the man seemed inclined to speak; but with a yearning smile, he shook his head, and set his lips tightly together.

There was a little stir then at the back of the court, and Fletter's lawyer said, proudly, "Call Catherine Gisborne;" and while Tom stared with wide-open eyes and an angry flush, Miss Catherine Gisborne took her place in the witness-box. One single glance had passed between her and the prisoner, and Fletter's face was more like a bridegroom's than that of a man almost under sentence of death.

"Where was the prisoner on Thursday, August the 15th, between the hours of two and five in the afternoon?"

"He was in the summer-house in Gisborne garden."

"How do you know?"

"I was with him."

"All the time?"

"All the time."

"Call Dacie Otley."

Dacie nodded cheerfully to Fletter, took her place, and made exactly the same answers as Kitty had made.

"Call Elcy Spate."

"Where were you on the afternoon of August 15 between the hours of two and five?"

"I was in Coniston Wood from ten in the morning until half past four in the afternoon."

"What did you see there?"

"About four o'clock I saw Cymlin Sybbal stab a peddler under the Wolfstone beeches."

"How do you know it was about four o'clock?"

"The mail-coach had just passed."

"Who is Cymlin Sybbal?"

"One of our people."

"What were you doing in Coniston Wood?"

"Waiting to see the squire's sister. I was going to Yorkshire, and I had a word to give her before I left. I waited about ten minutes after the murder to let Cymlin have a clear road, and then I took the Shap Fells and went down to Ingleborough, among my own people. Four days gone I heard that *he*"—bending low to Fletter—"was in danger, and I have staid not for sleep or rest."

"Why did you not tell this before?"

"I had not told it now, if the blame had fallen where it pleased me."

"Can you account for the knife and piece of satin?"

"There are at least twenty knives of Fletter's in our camp, and few of our lads that don't wear his cast-off braws."

"Where is Cymlin Sybbal?"

"The law can find him. No one pays me to do its work."

Now that the evidence had begun to turn in favor of the prisoner, it was wonderful how rapidly it accumulated. A dozen witnesses corroborated this testimony in various points, and the case was felt to be settled, when Squire Calder requested to be sworn, and deposed that on that afternoon, returning early from Kendal Market, he had seen Miss Gisborne and Dacie Otley walking toward the summer-house with a third person, whom, "on his honor," he believed to have been the gypsy.

After a very short consultation the jury brought in a unanimous verdict of "Not guilty." As soon as the words were uttered Fletter stood up, with flashing eyes, and called out, "Elcy Spate!"

"I am here."

"Cymlin Sybbal is to be hung. You know who to give the order to."

"Mr. Fletter, the law will attend to that matter," said the judge, sternly.

"If it gets him, my lord. Elcy is a sure messenger." Then Fletter turned to Tom Gisborne, but Tom had taken his sister and left the place. For a moment a dark frown clouded the handsome face, but an hour afterward he was riding in happy mood toward the gypsy camp. Once there, he gathered men and women together, and had with them, in their own language, what seemed to be a perfectly satisfactory conversation. Then he went into his own tent, removed the picturesque dress he had hitherto affected, and attired himself like an English gentleman.

It was not a long walk to Gisborne Hall, and he found Tom, as he expected, smoking on the terrace overlooking the road. They soon stood face to face, and by this time Tom's anger was so far gone that he could say nothing harder than, "Oh, Willy! Willy! how couldst thou deceive *me*!"

"In what way, Tom?"

"About my sister. I cared little that Faulder and Dryfe and all of them jeered me for loving a gypsy lad, but thou should have spared little Kitty. I can hold my own in the country-side, but it is hard to forgive thee making Catherine Gisborne a by-word."

"Why a by-word, dear—dearest Tom?"

"Is a gypsy a mate for my sister? Folks say that thou hast bewitched me, and—"

"Tom, there is not a man living worthy to mate with sweet Kitty Gisborne; but maybe William, Lord of Ilkley and Baron of Fairfax, can try to deserve her. I deceived thee in nothing but this, and I was nearly ready to tell thee when that dog of a Sybbal shut me up in Kendal Jail."

"And thou art not a gypsy, Willy Fletter?"

"Yes and no, Tom. My grandmother, Lord Philip's wife, was a gypsy of purest blood—Euphon Fletter, queen of ten tribes. My father was none like her, but in the second generation the wild blood asserted itself, and I ran away to my people before I was nine years old. It was then Dacie left Ilkley too, for she was my nurse, and loved me well. Hearing I had gone to Westmoreland, she sought me until she grew hopeless, and settled at Gisborne. Don't blame the faithful creature for encouraging my suit with Kitty; she has known from the first my true station, and it has been hard enough for her to keep her secret."

"How long have you been Lord Ilkley?"

"Since last June only."

"Your father's death, then, took you away last May?"

"His illness. He had been a wise and kind father, humoring my wild moods, and hoping that years and a suitable marriage would enable me to assume my duties as an English noble when his death compelled it. I told him of my love for Kitty, and promised him as soon as possible to break up my connection with the Fletters, and ask your consent to the promise that darling Kitty made me long ago. Now, Tom, heart of my heart, friend, brother, shake hands again!"

Willy always declared that Tom forgot all about English phlegm and propriety, and fell upon his neck and kissed him like any Oriental. Certainly Kitty did, and Dacie too. And though Kitty would not listen to a marriage without a wedding dress and a wedding cake, it was not very long before Kendal Church and Gisborne Hall saw a splendid wedding.

True lovers always "live happy ever after," and no greater sorrow came to Kitty than the pleasure of humoring her lord's roving disposition; they "went gypsying" from Iceland to India, and from California to Cathay, and they liked it. Tom's admiration and love grew as steadily as the years, and whenever my Lord and Lady Ilkley chose to visit Gisborne, he was the happiest man in the world; perhaps none the less so for seeing on such occasions Calder of Calder, Faulder, and Dryfe, and all the country-side turn out to do his idol honor.

In a late number of *Chambers's Journal* it is said that there are few noble houses in England or Scotland without a strain of gypsy blood. If my readers ever pass Ilkley Castle, they can see in its picture-gallery the exact time when the brilliant Oriental, Euphon Fletter, stepped in among the fair and stately Yorkshire line; and within the last sixty years there has been hung in Gisborne Hall the pictured semblance of that dark, handsome, fascinating face that won the rose-like beauty and sweetness of Kitty Gisborne.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Messrs. S. H. Scudder, of Cambridge, and **F. C. Bowditch**, of Boston, attached to **Hayden's** United States Geological Survey of the Territories, spent two months in Colorado, Wyoming, and Utah in explorations for fossil insects and in collecting recent coleoptera and orthoptera, especially in the higher regions. They made large collections of insects at different points along the railways from Pueblo to Cheyenne and from Cheyenne to Salt Lake, as well as at Lakin (Kansas), Garland and Georgetown (Colorado), and in various parts of the South Park and surrounding region.

Ten days were spent at Green River and vicinity in examining the tertiary strata for fossil insects, with poor results. The tertiary beds of the South Park yielded only a single determinable insect; but near Florissant, the tertiary basin described by Mr. **Peale** in one of the annual reports of the Survey, was found to be exceedingly rich in insects and plants.

In company with Rev. Mr. **Lakes**, of Golden, Mr. **Scudder** spent several days in a careful survey of this basin, and estimates the insect-bearing shales to have an extent at least fifty times as great as those of the famous locality at Oeningen in Southern Bavaria. From six to seven thousand insects and two or three thousand plants have already been received from Florissant, the specimens from this locality being remarkable for their beauty.

There is every reason to believe that the tertiary strata of the Rocky Mountain region are richer in remains of fossil insects than any other country in the world, and that within a few months the material at hand for the elaboration of the work on fossil insects which Mr. **Scudder** has in preparation will be much larger than was ever before subject to the investigation of a single naturalist. Mr. **Scudder** has in all now more than 12,000 specimens of his fossil insects.

The *Geographical Magazine* announces the intended publication of the journal of Esquimau **Hans**, the companion of **Kane**, **Hayes**, **Hall**, and **Nares** in their arctic explorations, and who died while in the service of the last-mentioned explorer. This work will doubtless possess a high interest, from its being that of a native, written in his own language (translated by Dr. **Rink**), and reflecting the current of thought and ideas of the Esquimaux people. Many curious adventures and facts will be found narrated in the journal.

We are happy to announce that the reported death of the Marquis **Antinori**, the eminent Italian traveller in Africa, has proved to be unfounded, and that recent advices report his arrival at Zeyla, from which place he intended to start at once for Italy.

We referred some weeks ago to an important enterprise undertaken by the Geographical Society of Holland for the exploration of the interior of Sumatra, and learn with regret that this has received a serious check in the death of its leader, Mr. **Schouw Landvört**.

Gerhard Rohlfs, in continuation of his labors in Northern Africa, is about organizing an expedition to the eastern part of the Great Sahara. He will be accompanied by several scientific experts, among them Professor **Zittel**, of Munich. His efforts will be directed to the exploration of the oases Wajanga and Kufara, which have never been, so far as known, visited by any European traveller.

The green color of oysters, which in some countries is considered to add so much attractiveness, while in the United States it is usually thought to be a serious objection, has been shown to be due not to the presence of copper, as frequently supposed, but to that of minute green algæ, or sea-weeds, which are apt to form in somewhat concentrated solutions of sea-water.

The violet color of oysters noted recently at the oyster fishery of Arcachon has proved to be due to a similar cause, although referred to the iodine and bromine of sea-water. Certain reddish algæ were found, when washed in fresh-water, to impart to this a brilliant violet tint; and by careful observation it was ascertained that even the spores of these plants, which constitute a not inconsiderable portion of the nutriment, were similarly colored.

In ordinary seasons, the dilution of the salt-water by the rains in the Arcachon Basin is sufficient to wash out the color of the spores of the algæ, but when the brine is strongly concentrated there is such an appearance about the gills of the oyster as has been described.

Professor **Cope**, in a recent examination of the well-known Nickajack Cave, near Chattanooga, finds a blind craw-fish (probably distinct from that of the Mammoth Cave) and some other interesting species.

Mr. **Cross**, whose report upon the India-rubber trees of Brazil was given in a former number of the *Geographical Magazine*, is now visiting the forests of Colombia, collecting for the British government the valuable species of cinchona plants, making Popayan his head-quarters. He has been extremely successful in his mission, and expects to forward a large consignment in due time to plantations in India. In addition to his gatherings of plants, he has made many interesting and quite valuable discoveries in regard to the geography of the country.

Telegraphic advices from Mr. **Alexander Agassiz** report very satisfactory success in his dredging operations off the coast of Yucatan. He expects to return to the United States about the middle of March.

It may interest those who are familiar with the fact of the discovery of remarkable extinct types of birds in North America, to know that Professor **Owen** has lately described a new genus and species, from the London clay, under the name of *Argillornis longipenna*. He considers it to be a long-winged swimmer, allied to the albatross, but considerably exceeding in size the present representatives of that group.

Among the reports of State Fish Commissions lately published for the year 1877 are the eighth annual report for New Jersey, the fourth for Minnesota, the first for Kentucky, and the biennial report for 1876 and 1877 of California.

The thirty-fourth annual review of the whale fisheries of the United States has just been published, as for many years past, by Messrs. **L. H. Bartlett & Son**, of New Bedford, Massachusetts. They report a more favorable condition of trade than has existed in later years. No special disasters have been encountered. The fleet has been considerably increased, and a fair yield of oil and bone has been obtained.

The present fleet consists of 187 vessels, against 172 in the beginning of 1877, and 163 in 1875. A number of new whalers have been built, as being cheaper than making the needed alterations in other vessels, as has been commonly done.

Excellent success was experienced in the North Pacific, whales proving to be plenty, but fewer than usual were found in Hudson Bay and Cumberland Inlet.

The circular remarks that whaling in the Western Pacific and the Zulu Sea appears to have been entirely neglected, owing both to the scarcity of sperm-whales and the diminished number taken for oil. The price of oil has varied from the highest sum, $1 40 per gallon, to $1 03, the lowest for twenty-one years.

Arctic whalebone started with the high price of the past year or two ($3 50 per pound), but declined to $2 00. The total deliveries in the United States amounted to about 41,000 barrels of sperm-oil, 27,000 barrels of whale-oil, and 160,000 pounds of bone, the oil being less than that obtained in any year since 1850, and the bone less than in any year except 1876. This absolute diminution in the yield of bone, which amounted to 2,689,000 pounds in 1850, taken in connection with the constantly increasing demand for it, sufficiently accounts for the increased price.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Every one who has visited the Library of Congress, at Washington, within the past five years, must have been impressed with the crowded condition of the rooms. Long ago the space was too small; and as the number of volumes rapidly increases, not alone by purchase and exchange, but by the operation of the law which requires the deposit of two volumes of every copyright book, the usefulness of the library is seriously impaired by want of suitable accommodations. Great piles of books, to the number of about 70,000, are stacked upon the floor, occupying space much needed by persons using the library for reference and study, making it impossible easily to get at needed books, and seriously injuring the books themselves. Few persons fully realize what an immense store of literature, science, and art is gathered in the Library of Congress. By a most careful enumeration (*absolute* counting is impossible, because the great piles of books can not be removed) made by the librarian last January, it appears that there are over 331,000 volumes and about 110,000 pamphlets. The number of students who seek authorities and information in this treasure-house constantly increases, or tends so to do, although many are deterred by the difficulty of finding comfortable space in which to pursue their investigations. Mr. Spofford, the indefatigable librarian, has made many earnest appeals to Congress for more commodious quarters to be provided, lest the library become utterly useless for lack of room. Congress appears to have taken one step, having appointed recently a commission to report on plans for the accommodation of the Congressional Library. Three plans have been proposed: the first, to rebuild the central portions of the Capitol, extending it east and west by wings; the second, to erect a building on Judiciary Square; the third, for government to purchase ground lying east of the Capitol Park whereon to build a library building. It is to be hoped that some wise and efficient measures for making this great library more available will be promptly adopted.

An exchange says:

"They used to tell that two and two
Made four, but sure they blundered:
How can it be when Congress says
That ninety is a hundred?"

During the past two or three months some interesting experiments to test the influence of music on the insane have been made in connection with the inmates of the asylums on Ward's and Blackwell's islands. Five musical entertainments have been given, with curious and varied results. In general the music is listened to with profound attention. Some, in whom the mental disease takes a violent form, seem little benefited, while others, no less violent, are quieted by the sweet sounds. It is believed by the visiting physicians of the asylums that music, if provided regularly for the insane, would produce good and lasting effects.

After the Treaty of Constantinople was signed, the Sultan sent the following telegram to the Czar:

"Constantinople, *March* 3, 1878.

"On the occasion of the anniversary of your Majesty's accession to the throne, I offer my congratulations, with the desire of renewing our friendly relations."

The Czar sent the following reply:

"St. Petersburg, *March* 3, 1878.

"I thank your Majesty for your congratulations, which I received simultaneously with the news of the signature of peace. I perceive in this coincidence a presage of good and lasting relations between us."

The destruction of many old and notable buildings associated with the early history of the city is involved in the cutting of a new street from Franklin Square to City Hall Park, to open the approaches to the Brooklyn Bridge. Among the old houses which have been torn down was one at the corner of Frankfort and Cliff streets, occupied many years ago by Mr. James Harper. Another old landmark to be obliterated is the "Anthony tan-yards" and adjacent buildings, where long ago was located the famous "Jacob's Well," so well known to New Yorkers in olden times. The proposed thoroughfare to the bridge will be known as New Frankfort Street.

In the salvage suit arising from the recovery of Cleopatra's Needle in the Bay of Biscay affidavits filed in the interest of the defendants stated that the obelisk was worth, as stone, only $1250, and the ship the same sum, as iron, valuing both simply as old stone and old iron to be turned into common uses. Judge Robert Phillimore, of the Court of Admiralty, thought differently, however, and decided that the joint value of ship and cargo was $125,000.

An event of interest recently took place in the history of the Thirteenth Regiment, N.G.S.N.Y., one of the leading military organizations of the city of Brooklyn. The formal introduction of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher to the regiment as their chaplain—a position accepted after earnest solicitation—brought together at the armory an immense crowd of spectators. After Mr. Beecher took the oath of office he addressed the regiment, and then followed a battalion drill and a dress parade. Mr. Beecher's reasons for accepting the chaplaincy were explained in the weekly prayer-meeting at his own church. Briefly, and in substance, they were these:

"If it is wise and prudent to have a citizen soldiery properly equipped and ready at all times to serve as a background of support for the civil authorities, it is certainly well to have them fortified and strengthened by all the good influences it is possible to throw around them. Is it not eminently wise that a body of young men organized as a force of citizen soldiers should have a chaplain? In an organization of this kind, made up of young men exclusively, is there not a peculiar kind of peril? Such men should have moral influence, and when they themselves wish it, some one ought to answer. I was always forward in the movements that brought on the war, and throughout the whole conflict I did as much as I could to sustain the burden; and to drop all interest in the soldier at the end of the war, as no longer of use, did not seem to me wise or proper."

There is a prospect of the world being supplied with doctors. The College of Physicians and Surgeons, the medical department of Columbia College, recently sent forth 109 young men with professional authority to heal the sick, and the University Medical College has lately graduated 150 young physicians.

A curious story is told in an exchange in connection with the treasures of Kurium excavated by General Di Cesnola. It appears that it was a custom of the ancients to keep in their temples and bury in their tombs jars of aromatic spices used in religious ceremonies. At Kurium a number of such jars were unearthed by treasure-seekers after Di Cesnola left, but being coarse in texture, they were thrown aside. The story is that one of our consuls to Turkey found some of these jars in possession of a Cypriot family, and purchased them as relics. On returning to this country he gave most of the contents of the jars to a tobacconist of Washington, D. C. The withered leaves were found to be similar in taste to tobacco, and chemical tests proved them to be really like in character. The leaves were too brittle to be handled, but by an ingenious mode of preparation they became fit to be manipulated, and finally a few cigars were made, exhaling a curious aromatic odor unknown to any modern species of the plant. The wrappers were made of ordinary tobacco, and the cigars were excellent. The tobacconist hopes to succeed by careful manipulation in making wrappers out of the Kurium weed, and in preparing a few cigars—as antique curiosities—for the Parisian Exposition. Such is the "strange story."

The Shah of Persia is expected in Paris at the opening of the Exhibition, and a suite of thirty-six rooms has been secured for him at the Hôtel de Rome.

Two colored missionaries, with their wives, recently sailed from New York, under the auspices of the American Missionary Association, for the Mendi Mission, on the western coast of Africa. The four were all born in slavery, but chiefly by their own exertions secured an education at Fisk University, Nashville, Tennessee. Not long ago, when volunteers for the foreign service were desired, these young men and the young women to whom they were engaged offered themselves and were approved. After the young men were ordained they were married, and left Nashville for New York, whence they sailed.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A contemporary cautions its lady readers, when they are dressed in velvet, against sitting down on cane-bottomed chairs. Mrs. Fanny Kemble once, when she found such a chair provided for her at one of her readings in the West, turned upon the leading committee-man a basilisk glance, and exclaimed, "Man, do you wish me to give my best velvet gown the small-pox?"

SCENE AT AN IRISH BANK.

Lord Squanderer. "Overdrawn, Mr. O'Hagan? Why, I cast up the pass-book myself, and it showed over a thousand in my favor."

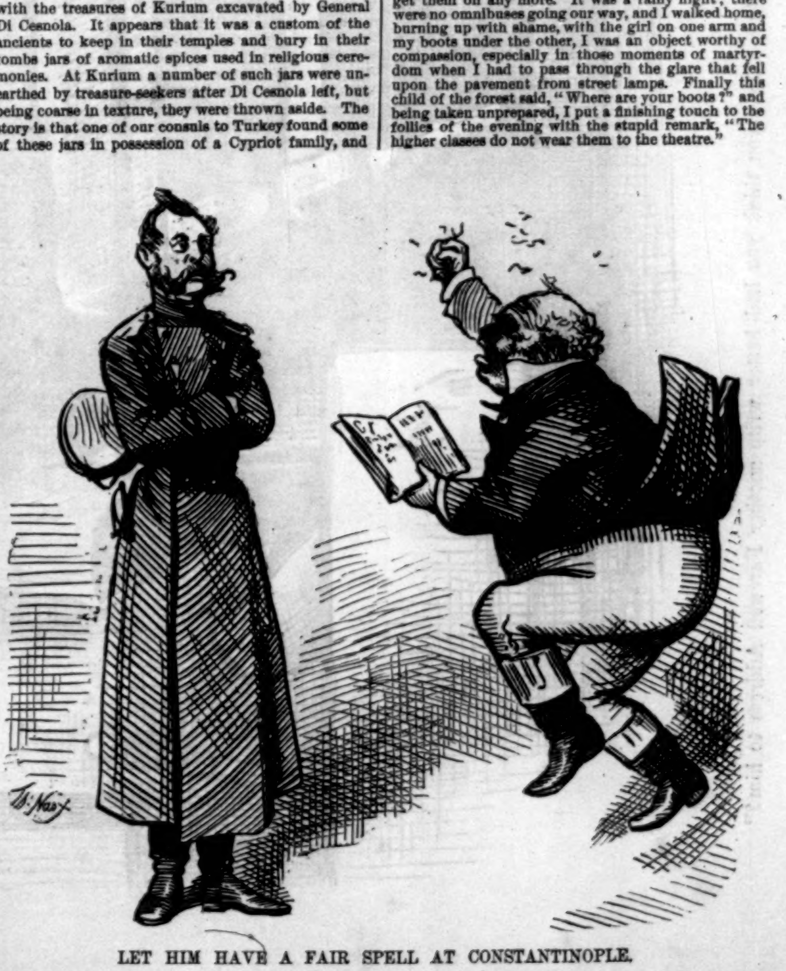
Mr. O'Hagan. "Ah, me lord, it's a thrifling mistake ye've made; ye've cast the year of our Lord into the poun's. Troth, it's rowling in riches we'd all be if we could only discount Anne Dominy!"

"Is your master at home?" inquired a gentleman of the servant of the house at which he was calling. "No, Sir," replied the man. "When will he be back?" asked the visitor. "Can't say, Sir," said the man; "when he sends me down to say he's out, I can never be sure."

A gentleman asked a friend, in a very knowing manner, "Pray, did you ever see a *cat-fish?*" "No," was the response, "but I've seen a *rope-walk*."

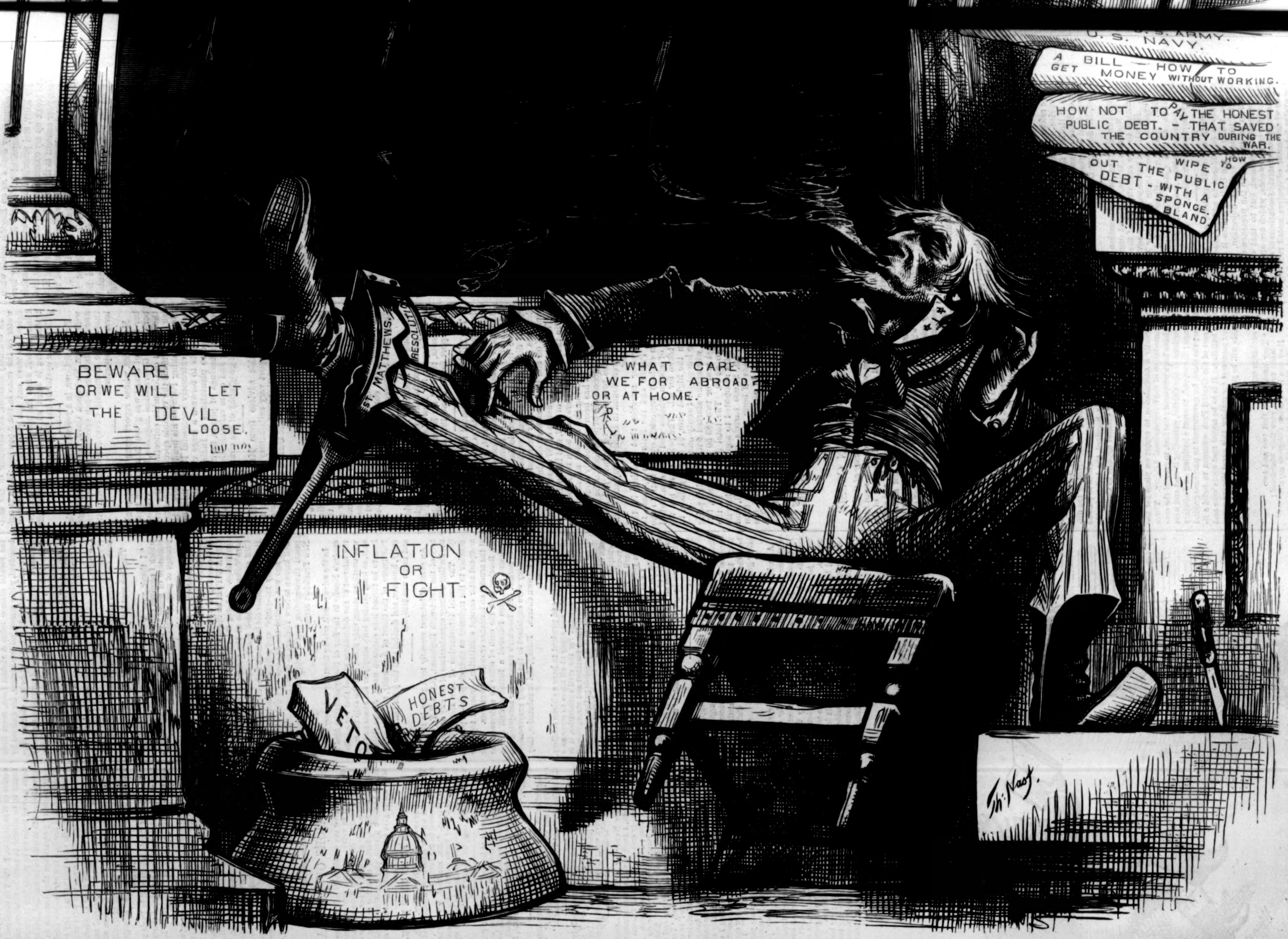
One hiring a lodging said to the landlady, "I assure you, madam, I am so much liked that I never left a lodging but my landlady shed tears." "Perhaps," said she, "you always went away without *paying!*"

A terrible Night at a Theatre.—Once, when a bashful cub, I took a plain, unsentimental country girl to a comedy one night. I had known her a day; she seemed divine; I wore my new boots. At the end of the first half hour she said, "Why do you fidget with your feet so?" I said, "Did I?" Then I put my attention there and kept still. At the end of another half hour she said, "Why do you say, 'Yes, oh yes!' and 'Ha! ha! oh, certainly! very true!' to every thing I say, when half the time those are entirely irrelevant answers?" I blushed and explained that I had been a little absent-minded. At the end of another half hour she said, "Please why do you grin so steadily at vacancy, and yet look so sad?" I explained that I always did that when I was reflecting. An hour passed, and then she turned and contemplated me with her earnest eyes, and said, "Why do you cry all the time?" I explained that very funny comedies always made me cry. At last human nature surrendered, and I secretly slipped my boots off. This was a mistake. I was not able to get them on any more. It was a rainy night; there were no omnibuses going our way, and I walked home, burning up with shame, with the girl on one arm and my boots under the other, I was an object worthy of compassion, especially in those moments of martyrdom when I had to pass through the glare that fell upon the pavement from street lamps. Finally this child of the forest said, "Where are your boots?" and being taken unprepared, I put a finishing touch to the follies of the evening with the stupid remark, "The higher classes do not wear them to the theatre."



LET HIM HAVE A FAIR SPELL AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

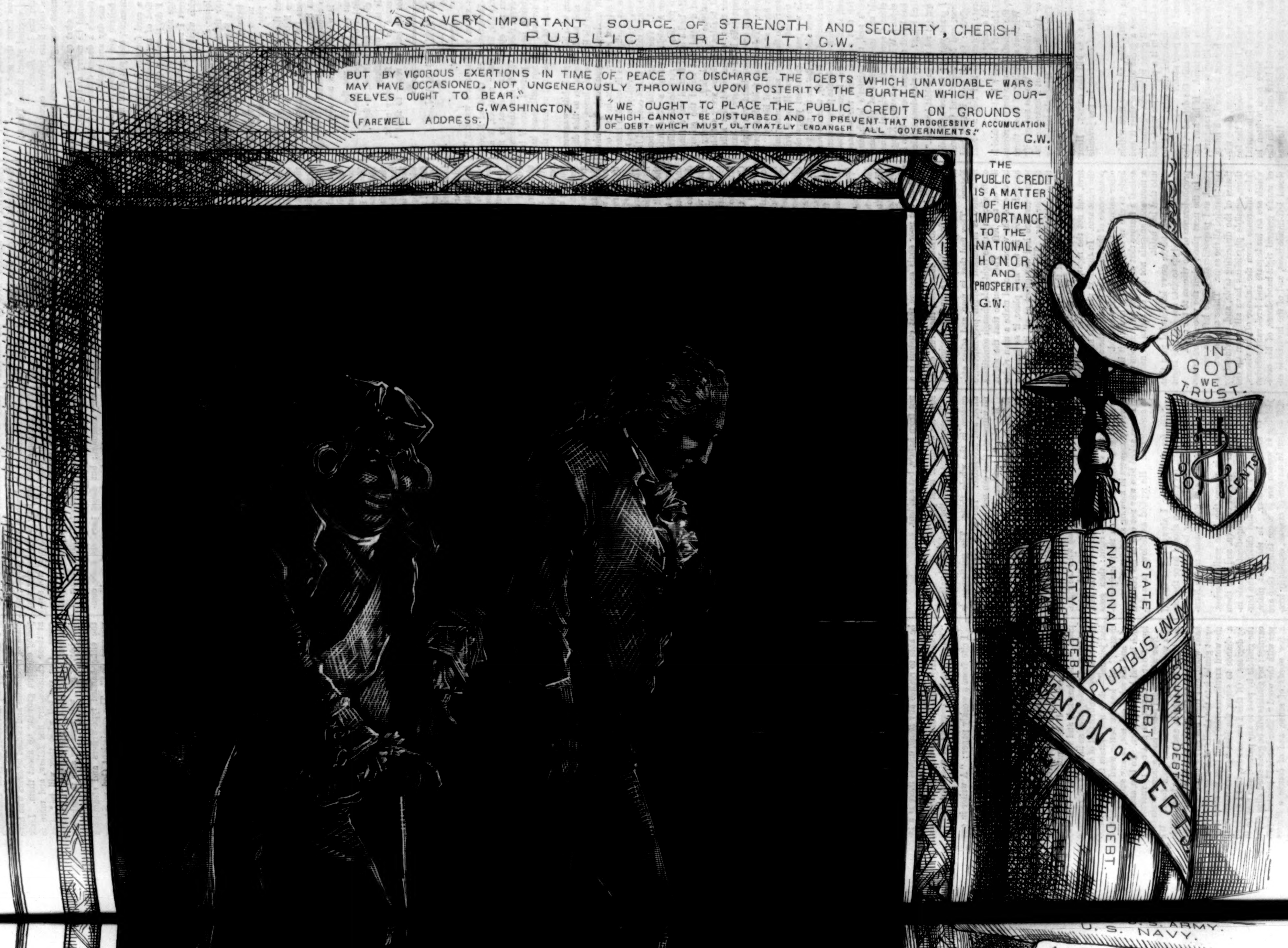
Czar. "C-o-n s-t-a-n t-i n-o—"
John Bull. "No! No!! No!!!"



U. S. ARMY.
U. S. NAVY.
A BILL — HOW TO GET MONEY WITHOUT WORKING.
HOW NOT TO PAY THE HONEST PUBLIC DEBT. - THAT SAVED THE COUNTRY DURING THE WAR.
HOW TO WIPE OUT THE PUBLIC DEBT - WITH A SPONGE. BLAND.
BEWARE OR WE WILL LET THE DEVIL LOOSE.
ST. MATTHEWS. RESOLUTION
WHAT CARE WE FOR ABROAD OR AT HOME.
INFLATION OR FIGHT.
VETO
HONEST DEBTS
Th: Nast.

THE TWO GEORGES.

GEORGE III. TO GEORGE WASHINGTON. "I say, George—Daddy—is that the free and enlightened Cherub for whom you fought? Don't you think you had better write another Farewell Address to him?"


"AS A VERY IMPORTANT SOURCE OF STRENGTH AND SECURITY, CHERISH PUBLIC CREDIT." G.W.
"BUT BY VIGOROUS EXERTIONS IN TIME OF PEACE TO DISCHARGE THE DEBTS WHICH UNAVOIDABLE WARS MAY HAVE OCCASIONED, NOT UNGENEROUSLY THROWING UPON POSTERITY THE BURTHEN WHICH WE OURSELVES OUGHT TO BEAR." G. WASHINGTON. (FAREWELL ADDRESS.)
"WE OUGHT TO PLACE THE PUBLIC CREDIT ON GROUNDS WHICH CANNOT BE DISTURBED AND TO PREVENT THAT PROGRESSIVE ACCUMULATION OF DEBT WHICH MUST ULTIMATELY ENDANGER ALL GOVERNMENTS." G.W.
THE PUBLIC CREDIT IS A MATTER OF HIGH IMPORTANCE TO THE NATIONAL HONOR AND PROSPERITY. G.W.
IN GOD WE TRUST.
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COUNTY DEBT
DEBT.
PLURIBUS UNUM
UNION OF DEBT
U.S. ARMY.
U.S. NAVY.

MISS MARIA'S OPINION.

"Will you have the *Herald*, Maria dear?
  There is news from the seat of war."
"I can not be worried about those Turks;
  Just hand me the last *Bazar*.
I have got my own little private cares,
And Europe must manage her own affairs."

"Now I wonder what earthly care you have;
  Your life should be merry and bright."
"Why, Jane, there's a dozen different things
  That worry me day and night.
You will not believe me, I know, my dear;
But listen a moment, and you shall hear.

"Shall I get a card for the Lortons' ball?
  That's the first of my present distress.
And suppose I do, then the question comes,
  Can I manage another dress?
In fact, the dress I *must* have; but, dear me!
I can not decide what the color must be.

"Shall it be lower and longer, my dear?
  Can it be any tighter, or not?
And what was it Fritz said about her bill?
  I declare I have quite forgot.
But the dress must come, that is very plain—
Do you think papa will grumble again?

"I half suspect that I really need
  A little more hair, in curls;
And I'm anxious for fear the Lortons ask
  Those odious Shoddy girls;
But doubly so about Frank Lenaire,
For my dress is wasted if he's not there.

"So I hope you see I have not the time
  For the troubles of Europe to care;
If kings will die, or get married, or fight,
  Why, that is their own affair.
If they'd costumes to plan for every night,
They would not be half so ready to fight."

THE COMING MAN.

LETTER V.

FROM CHARLES READE TO "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

Thus it is—Invention is the Child of Necessity, and the mother, like other mothers, is always older than the child. Men invent to fill gaps, not to prevent them. When man the hunter took to fighting, he got pierced himself by his opponent's arrows; and not until many had been killed for want of a shield, did he invent the shield.

Primitive man, with his simple habits, was wonderfully tough and hard. He is so to this day. You may perforate his liver, or his lungs, or even his stomach, in moderation, you don't kill him, as you do the sons of luxury. But he had one organ that was as vital as it is in us—the heart. Perforated there, he died as quickly, as surely, as we do. He found this out to his cost, and invented the shield. The savage, hitherto either-handed, had now a shield-hand and a spear-hand. [See letter two for this fact revealed in ancient languages.] He had a hand that in war defended his life, and a hand that killed the enemy. Now man's gratitude is a mole-hill, his vanity a mountain; and, besides, he adores every shedder of blood in fair fight: so the hand that killed the enemy became the hand of glory, the hand of honor. The mere protecting hand was slighted more and more. This double foible has never left the human heart at any period of history. It is in our own hearts to this day, and in many subtle forms. At the date of the first Hebrew writings this foible was many thousand years old. The origin of it was already lost in the night of ages, and it had ramified so largely, that its very branches and leaves helped hide the parent stem. The noble hand, that shed the foeman's blood, had claimed for that reason first the sceptre, then the graver's tool, the painter's brush, and all the symbols and instruments of glory and honor. The effects spread, the original cause faded out of sight. Who is the Savage King? the man who has killed the most foes. Who is the demi-civilized King? some victorious soldier.

"Le premier qui pit roi fut un soldat heureux."

Lawgivers, I grant you, are as rare as legislators are common, and Napoleon and Cromwell were born lawgivers: for all that, if they had not been first-rate fighters, neither Nap nor Noll had ever handled a sceptre.

Who are the idols of history? is it the shields or the swords, the benefactors or the destroyers of mankind? Without shedding of blood there is no reputation in history. We do not glorify Moses, Solon, or Archimedes, but Alexander, Cæsar, and Co. This foible, so famously lashed by Gibbon, prevails to this hour; and even in the heart of War itself: to save our own city, or camp, is not so glorious as to kill the enemy. Hear what the one *habitual* observer in the juvenile world has noted:

> "There was a little city, and few men within it; and there came a great King against it and besieged it, and built great bulwarks against it. Now there was found in it a poor wise man, and he, *by his wisdom*, delivered the city. Yet no man remembered that poor man."

Of course not. He was only the defender, the shield, the invaluable left hand. If he had encountered the besieging King upon the ramparts, and cloven him to the brisket before both hosts, he would have been a commoner man, since wisdom is rarer than valor, but the blood of the foe well shed would have floated him to immortal honor; his name would have been written in brass; the local poets would have called him the sword of the city, and its right hand. He was its left hand, and its shield, and he reaped ingratitude and oblivion.

The demi-civilized are a little better; but not much. The silly savage is inside their skins instead of out. In the Crimean war, the left hand, or shield, of the British army was Florence Nightingale, a woman with the virtues of both sexes. She saved our soldiers' lives by the hundred. She fought the true slaughterers of our troops, cold, famine, and death-dealing Routine. No man there did one-tenth as much for our army as she did. Well, did the half-civilized persons, who governed the nation, bestow any substantial honor on her? Since every war makes second-rate generals Peers, this first-rate champion of the country, and the army, should have been made a Peeress by acclamation; she would have been, if the savage was out of us. But no; the people honored her for the nine days they can hold a thought, but those who should have been superior to the people in intelligence could not throw up to the female warrior, the human shield, and benefactress of England at a pinch, the honor they threw down, soon after, on a couple of Money-bags, male and female.

These sordid follies, and dishonorable distribution of honor, show that civilization is still unripe, and the world only crawling into manhood; and far-fetched as the connection may seem to vulgar thinkers, they are part of the same lurking savagery, to which the right hand owes all its glory, honor, sham sanctity, and sham dignity: it has been the aggressive hand, and the shedder of blood, for ages. Take it into the prize-ring, and behold it dethroned directly, and why? because, there, it is more defensive, and the left is more aggressive and has shed more blood.

The older a habit is, the tighter it clings to mankind. That the right hand should be the aggressive hand, is a habit twice as old as the notion that the left hand is inferior in strength. This is proved neatly enough whenever the two ideas come into collision. Example—in playing the violin the great physical difficulty is the fingering: why is that difficulty always assigned to the hand which Humbug says is incompetent to deal with superlative difficulties? Because, to keep faithful to that lie, man would have had to resign the older and more Pagan title of the right hand to superiority, aggressiveness: so the time-honored spear-arm and sword-arm is brandished, and lashes the modern fiddle-strings, and the left has to laugh at the newer lie of the two, and do the prodigious difficulties.

A gentleman drives four spirited horses; they pull like devils, and sometimes each for himself. To hold them, guide them, and make them work together, takes a strong biceps, and sinewy fingers. Why is this difficulty imposed on a hand with a reputation for weakness? Why? because the whip is the aggressive instrument; the mild representative of blood-shedding. To take the aggressive instrument out of the glorious hand, and give it to the merely useful and laborious hand instead, would be to cut down the old Pagan tree by the roots.

I must now waste a few lines on sham science. There are certain Medical men who must dabble in physiology on juvenile methods, and not on the adult method that belongs to Physiology: one favorite trick of theirs is to take a doubtful fact and, instead of sifting it severely on direct evidence, to assume it, and run off to find a solution: a very weak solution satisfies them, because they have admitted the fact. So they add the inadequate solution to the doubtful fact, and think to make 1 with a couple of naughts. Charles the Second is said to have seen this foible, and played on it. He asked his physicians to explain to him why, if you put fish carefully into a full bucket, the water does not overflow. They each brought him a learned solution of the phenomenon. Then he had the bucket in, and of course the water did overflow. Some wag tried a mare's-nest of this sort on Paley: but the old Cantab fixed a glittering eye on him, and said, "*Problem*, Sir! It is a *lie*, and that's the *solution*."

On the above false and unscientific system a few credulous medical men have proceeded in this matter. Instead of sifting with due severity the statement that the right arm is by nature superior to the left, and examining the force of custom, the poor souls assume that custom is a Nullity; and having laid down as a self-evident truth that notorious falsehood, they run off to Anatomy to find in Nature a cause that originates in custom, though it may react in some degree on Nature. They find that in man and other animals there is in general a slight preponderance of the viscera on the right side, though sometimes it is on the left. They assume that the slight balance of the viscera would make a man right-handed. Now, in the first place, if so small a preponderance had any effect at all, it must be the other way. The arms hang loose, and act from a fulcrum. Weight the right side of the Fulcrum, and you call the left arm into operation; on this principle you plant the left foot firm, and not the right, to strike, or throw, with the right arm. In the next place, this slight preponderance of the viscera is found in the ape and other animals, yet they are either-handed. Droll logic, to cite as the cause of a bad habit in one animal a feature that animal has in common with a thousand animals not one of whom is nursed into that bad habit.

In the next place, every left-handed man that has been dissected up to date has had this slight preponderance of the viscera to the right.

In the next place, when the viscera are transposed, and preponderate to the left, the man is right-handed all the same. These are known statistics of the dissecting table, and, convinced by them, sensible physicians have all given up the false inference from the balance of the viscera, which are an inadequate and irrelevant solution of man's general right-handedness, of his occasional left-handedness, and of the invariable superiority, in strength and skill, of whichever arm or hand any individual exercises the most in any labor or art whatever.

The theories of Broca are even more chimerical. He pretends that the left hemisphere of the brain is larger than the right, and thinks it has the sole control of the right hand movements. Here we have a statement and a juvenile divination: the statement is not supported by English measurements of the brain in young people; we find that sometimes one lobe is the heavier, and sometimes the other: the divination is not supported by a particle of evidence, and is contradicted by evidence; for three right-hand paralyses out of five are connected with a lesion of the right lobe of the brain. Cross paralysis is very common; but direct paralysis more common. Another blunder vitiates his whole chimera. He mistakes effect for cause. The brain of a young child is a clew to nature, but in the brain of a lop-handed adult the effects of custom are inextricably confounded with nature. The shoulder of a laboring right-handed man is enlarged and the muscles of the chest perverted. Fancy a dreamer taking these phenomena for the cause of right-handedness, when they are the effect of it, yet Broca's reasoning as to the brain of an adult right-handed man is cloth off the same coat. Why, nothing is more altered by outside habit than the brain. Let brainless dissectors of the brain show me in the left lobe of the female child's brain the congenital formation that would have compelled her, had she grown up to maternity, to stop another human being with a brain outside her skull from using his childish left hand, though nature incited him to do it.

To ignore custom and take it for nature, though he sees it operating *against* nature before his eyes, and ignore it merely because it is a Force he can not dissect with a knife on a table, is the foible of a poor pedant to whom Truth is a sealed book. True science is never at war with good sense.

To correct this sort of sham science, its Goose-Greek, and its hollow jargon, with real science and plain English, accept an infallible maxim of true science, and one I submit with equal confidence to the Physiologist, and to the judge who is presiding in a matter of life and death.

THE TRUE SOLUTION IS THAT WHICH RECONCILES ALL THE INDISPUTABLE FACTS.

Now let any man take the facts connected with the brain and the viscera in apes, tigers, raccoons, infants, adults, etc., and the varied facts revealed in this letter, and as many more *indisputable* facts as ever he likes, and I say he will never reconcile *all* his facts and all mine with any other solution but this, that every child is born as either-handed as an ape, and shows it till Nature is stifled by grown-up people, but that custom is a second nature, and that it is the women who begin the fight against nature, with custom, and make the child lop-handed: in which he is afterward confirmed by the habit of imitating his playfellows, another custom, and the traditions of society at school and at home, which also are custom, and not Nature.

"As the twig's bent the tree is inclined."

The editor of *Figaro*, J. Mortimer, Esq., is completely either-handed. It came about thus. The women made him right-handed in the usual way. But when he was about four years old he injured his right, and the left hand took its place. His right recovered; but as the whole thing is custom, and Nature has nothing on earth to do with it, the left hand did not resign the eminence it had obtained by habit, arising not from nature, but accident. However, when he reached fifteen, the other boys ridiculed him so that he set deliberately to work to cultivate the right, and be like his fellows. He succeeded—because the whole thing is custom—but became either-handed. He can use both hands equally well, except that he can work better with the right hand, simply because he practices it more. His left hand and arm remain the larger, and somewhat stronger. Such is the power of *early* custom. Follow these changes:

Either-handed for the first twelve months by nature.

Right-handed by training for three years.

Left-handed for twelve years by habit, arising not from nature, but accident.

Either-handed now by training, and each hand superior whenever most practiced.

These changes reveal the twaddle of Anatomy, the impotence of Nature, and the omnipotence of custom in the whole thing. The gentleman is alive, and accessible. The adult reasoner calls no witnesses that can not be cross-examined.

My eldest brother, Mr. William Barrington Reade, is either-handed. In his youth a cricketer, he bowled and batted left-handed, but caught equally well with either hand, which in those days was not common. He always carved skillfully with the right, and wrote an exquisite and, indeed, an unrivalled hand: was a smart cavalry officer, and did his sword exercise with the right. Shoots from his right shoulder: can not shoot from his left. In shaving lathers with his left, then shaves entirely with his right: then goes over it again with his left, on the principle observed by mowers in mowing short grass.

I once asked him why not one of his children is ambidexter. He replied as follows, to a syllable:

"Oh, for that matter, I always vowed that if ever I married, my children should have the use of both hands: and I did my best: but all the good I did down stairs was undone in the Nursery."

This, then, is where the shoe really pinches. Women suffer much for children, and love them much. They are naturally impatient of male interference between them and children, the burden of whom they bear. In the next place, yielding as women are in some things, they are stiff as iron in matters of custom, especially irrational custom. There is no single instance on record of their ever giving up any downright mania, under the influence of the pen, and they will not change their natures for me. They will never be the friends of children, but always their lovers, and their enemies, unless they can be persuaded out of it.

I must appeal, therefore, to good husbands, who wish to be good parents; and first to the class of mechanics and skilled laborers who have young children growing up about them. Look at these children, my fine fellow, and more to come. Can you tell what they will be? Can you look at any one of them and say, "I am sure that boy, or girl, will never be able to make ten shillings a week more by being either-handed, as the either-handed type-writers and steam-loom weavers do?" The omniscient God might say that, or He might say the reverse. You can say neither. All you know is that you brought them into the world, without their consent—a world they will have to work and struggle for food in, like yourself; and so you ought to give them every chance, you and your wife. Well, either-handedness, as a rule, is money, and your wife can teach it the little children as easily as she can right-handedness. When they promote themselves to throwing stones, you can insist on their throwing them equally well with both hands, and so on to this or that trade. They will never go back, if you start them right, and they may live to bless you for it. If you fall into this suggestion, send me your address, and I will lend you my co-operation by sending you printed instructions.

As for our games, what can be more absurd than to see a man, in the cricket field, stop a ball with the left in an attitude fit for throwing it to the wicket-keeper, yet have to shift the ball to his right hand, and advance the left foot to throw, and perhaps let in a run? The game of Fives is played with both hands, and is a most beneficial game to the whole body. Why should the games, that are only fives with a bat, be played lop-handed? But I will be reasonable, I will only ask a few young ladies and gentlemen to give either-handedness a trial in lawn tennis—under forfeit for every ball struck with the wrong bat. I know it will be rather heart-breaking at first, but it will improve the whole body, and, if persisted in, we shall see young women very goddesses of grace and poetic movement, especially if they would also learn to do the most graceful thing possible, viz.: take *wide* steps *gracefully*, and bound like antelopes, lighting always on the ball of the foot, and with the feet pretty near together, and ready to be off again. Young ladies, listen to an *older* fox than you are, and Heaven will reward you. You will be married wholesale from the lawn.

SURSUM PATRES!—FATHERS AWAKE!

If any parents in my walk of life can rise to the parental wisdom and affection of an old bachelor—to whom, personally, children are pests—and decide to be their children's friend, let me warn them they live farther from their young than Mechanics do, and have a harder task. Every gentleman with a large family has three houses under one roof. His basement is a modern public-house, that the lower classes run in and out of without his consent or knowledge; and his nursery is a mediæval tower of rusty superstitions. Nurse will be dead against him; and he can not fight her; he would be mad to try it. His only chance is to persuade her. But he will never do that unless he begins by enlarging her vocabulary. He may take this truth from me; it is the observation of a life—

A GAP IN LANGUAGE MAKES A GAP IN THOUGHT.

"Oh, don't do that, Master George; you will be left-handed," cries the Paynim nurse.

"What, if he uses his left one minute, and his right the next?" asks the youthful mother.

"La! yes, ma'am; if he uses his left at all."

That a child, who uses his right and left, would not be left-handed, but either-handed, is an idea this good soul could no more get into her skull, until you have enlarged her vocabulary, than she could fly to heaven on a soap-bubble.

"There's a fool for you," cries some sprightly reader.

No greater a fool than her neighbors; not to be able to realize any *thing*, unless there is a familiar *word* that fits it, is the common foible of all ordinary minds. My Lord Bacon says truly, "Words are the counters of wise men, but the money of fools."

I cite from a weekly paper: "A writer in one of the Medical journals asks why are we right-handed? Does it not occur to him that the reason is because we are not left-handed?"

What withering sarcasm, and how eager he is to clap his fool's cap over a gleam of dawning reason!

Dissect this weekly wag. What he proclaims comes to this: "I can not conceive any man not being lop-handed. If he is not right-handed he must be left-handed, and vice versa." But why are the wag's *conceptions* so limited? only because his *vocabulary*—unlike that of the despised "Medical journal"—does not contain the word "ambidexter;" still less the better word "either-handed," and his mind can not, in any subject, go an inch beyond his vocabulary. To him, and to millions, A GAP IN LANGUAGE IS A GAP IN THOUGHT.

Now why should Nurse have a larger brain than this weekly wag? She is not paid for it. We must take her as she is, and work her by infallible rules. Even as the gimlet makes a hole in the hard wood, and then the screw can enter, so we must gimlet into the skulls of Nurse and mother the word EITHER-HANDED; and then we shall have a chance to screw the idea "EITHER-HANDED" in by degrees. Of this I am so sure, that I will send the gimlets by post to any parent, who may be in earnest; my gimlets will be good-sized slips of paper with the word "either-handed" printed large, a few words of sense, and of course a filigree border: the trimmings may reconcile her to the Truth.

There is one topic more I would rather refer to medical men, under conditions. They must forego the false method of Broca and other juvenile reasoners, and conduct the inquiry on the plan of adult Reason—statistics collected by men without a theory.

Here is an awful coincidence, which none but a fool will slight; here is a single animal setting himself against his Creator, and making himself lop-handed and game-legged; and this same animal is more often afflicted with paralysis of one side (called in Medicine "Hemiplegia") than are animals in general. This, I say, is an awful coincidence. Here is another—I am told, out of the note-books of several physicians, consulted by my friend Lawrence Hamilton, that the right side, in their experience, is paralyzed rather oftener than the left. So that the hand which, for so many years, man has almost worshipped, by word and deed, is oftenest laid low in horrible degradation, and brought very close to death and putrefaction while yet the body survives. Even so Antiochus, who accepted homage as a god, was not honored with a stroke of lightning or any godlike death; but smitten with worms, and taught his distance from Divinity.

As to the physical *reasons* of the above coincidences, Dissection, on a grand scale, may, or may *not* reveal them: all the investigations up to date have been on too trumpery a scale, and in the hands of theorists, which is fatal.

Let the leaders of medicine profit by their private practice and the invaluable machinery for statistic in the hospitals and Infirmaries. The nation is large; let them get one thousand brains of paralyzed persons examined by people *who have no theory.* Let it be noted at once whether each sufferer was right-handed, left-handed, or either-handed, paralyzed right or left, with or without loss of speech, and after death whether the lesion was in the right lobe of the brain or the left. This wide statistic will shed the first gleam of real science on this matter; at present it is all obscurity and *dishonesty,* because each theorist has found his own facts, and who has not observed that Medicine is mere Fiction, whenever the theorist is allowed to collect the facts?

Meantime it is enough for me, who am a practical man, that an either-handed animal has, somehow or other, a better chance of escaping paralysis than a lop-handed animal has. Aristotle says, "When you have secured a fact, you need not trouble about the reason:" and that is good sense, at all events as a rule of *action.* Chances are bought and sold all the world over, and often for high prices. One chance more in fifty of escaping paralysis is alone worth great pains and labor; and besides, on this point, the effect of inherited habit on the species is not yet known. We might possibly diminish that fearful malady in the race, as well as in the individual, by ceasing to inflict on children the lop-handed mania, and by aiding and directing those wise instincts the infant always shows, but at present resigns—to his own life-long injury—under the tyrannical influence of a creature, whose Pagan traditions are not half so old, nor half so wise, as that poor child's immortal instincts, derived from primeval Man; but she is too big, watchful, and resolute, for any child to resist.

19 Albert Gate, Knightsbridge.

P.S.—The author of these letters invites communications from the United States, especially from his good friends the female Physicians and students, who may be of great service to mankind in the matter.

RUSSIA AND THE EUXINE.[1]

One of the most brilliant and penetrating fancies of the active intellect of Greece has fixed upon the distant shores of the inclement Euxine the scene of its finest invention, and has chained forever to the inhospitable rock the form of the first philanthropist. Erect, immovable, fettered hand and foot, the demi-god still seems to hover over the lonely sea. The roar of English and Russian guns has failed to dissolve the classic tradition. The fire that Prometheus once deemed so useful has been transformed into an instrument of deadliest woe to man; the arts he imparted have not yet produced universal peace; his love for the human race has often served only to invoke anew the anger of the gods; and as the English and the Russians seem ready to contend for the control of the Black Sea and the Bosporus, beneath the rocks where the demi-god still chants his melancholy lay, above the flashing and fiery gulf in which he disappeared unterrified, once more the old tragedy is perhaps to be re-enacted, and the philanthropic progress of ages to be checked and turned back by the rage of insensate fate.

To the Greeks the Crimea, Scythia, the mouths of the Danube, and the golden shores of Colchis were long the scenes of their wildest fables. It was late in their history when the poet fixed his demi-god to the lofty rock of the distant sea. Yet, next to the Phœnicians, the Greeks became the undisputed owners of the Euxine. Their fine trading cities sprang up on all its shores. Sinope, Tomi, and the Chersonese became the seats of a great commerce; the Dardanelles was filled annually with fleets of merchantmen from Athens, Rhodes, and Syria. In the opening of the imperial period of Rome the Black Sea was the centre of political interest and commercial activity. The fleets and armies of Trajan subdued the linen-manufacturers of Colchis, the corn-bearing lands of the Crimea owned the superior authority of the emperors, and the Black Sea became a Roman lake. Next the Tartars and the Scythians are found holding its desolate shores. The Turks succeeded the Tartar. The Russian Empire in the last century was shut out by a chain of Mohammedan states from the harbors of the Euxine. Sinope, Colchis, and the Crimea obeyed the Sultan, and Peter the Great was driven back by a series of disastrous defeats from the maritime lands he coveted. But with the close of the last century began that rapid advance which has made Russia the master of the East. Catherine II. made her triumphal entry into the Crimea through villages built in a day by the mad genius of Potemkin, amidst a rejoicing peasantry or a thriving populace gathered to amuse the weary Empress. The desert was peopled, palaces raised in the wilderness, mountain chains illuminated, fine roads opened, the Borysthenes covered with fleets of magnificent galleys, and Russia at last, with a theatrical pageant of unequalled splendor, fixed its immutable grasp upon the Euxine.

In 1829 the Russians, under Diebitch, penetrated to Adrianople; Turkey yielded in needless alarm, for the small force of the invaders, Baron von Moltke relates, could have made no lasting impression upon the defenses of Constantinople. The war proved the weakness rather than the power of the Czar. But a still more disastrous failure followed the passionate attempt to overrun Turkey made by the imperious Nicholas. The defense of Silistria and the skill of Omar Pasha had already defeated the designs of the Russians even before England and France were ready to intervene.

Mr. Kinglake's minute and careful picture of the origin of the Crimean war might well instruct his countrymen: it was the most absurd, the most useless, of wars. A few priests quarrelled over the tombs and the churches at Bethlehem: the French government forced the Sultan to withdraw the keys from the keeping of the Greek clergy and commit them to the care of the Latins; the Greeks complained to the Czar Nicholas; the Czar threatened the trembling Porte; the Turks relied upon the support of France and England and defied his power; he sent his armies across the Pruth and seized upon the Turkish provinces; but Austria now threatened to defend the Turks, and Nicholas withdrew his forces. At this moment one might suppose peace would have been easily maintained, and a Conference of the European powers must have composed the agitation in the East. But the usurper who held the control of France, by the aid of the army and the "Church," had resolved from the beginning to plunge his country into war, and to drag England too into a wild scene of bloodshed. His conspiracy against the republic had just been perfected; the boulevards of Paris yet rang with the cries of his victims; the best and purest of the French were in exile or in chains; his generals and his ministers were men without character, talents, morals, the successful Catilines of an audacious plot: a war could alone draw off the scrutiny of the people from his odious government, and Louis Napoleon pressed on the quarrel with Russia. He goaded Nicholas into insane rage, he made England the dupe of his extreme subtlety. Mr. Kinglake has told the story of the conspiracy against the French republic with a bitter energy that almost recalls the pen and the manner of Sallust. England, he thinks, was tempted into war. Its chief ministers were Lord Aberdeen and Mr. Gladstone—both ardent advocates of peace; the Liberal party ruled the nation; there seemed no possibility of exciting hostilities over a question that grew out of the disputes of a few priests in Palestine, and which would never have arisen but for the active interference of France. The cunning of the French usurper drove the English into an unjust demand; the Czar made no reply to the insolent proposal, and England found itself involved in a useless and terrible struggle. Yet Mr. Kinglake admits that his country was weary of the "dull canker of peace;" that the nation longed for war; that the war was madly popular; that the rage of the English was turned against Russia without a cause, and that they have a natural passion for warfare that at times exceeds all control.

A strange admission! Yet the excitement that has recently sprung up over England, the eagerness of the ruling class to assail Russia and defend the Turk, the insults offered to the friends of peace, confirm his assertion made fifteen years ago, and prove the fatal errors of an oligarchy. The people are nowhere eager for war; the industrial classes would every where banish from their midst the disturbers of the peace of nations; yet how often are they dragged by the idle and the vicious into disastrous conflicts that cover the world with horror! Mr. Cobden said, in 1862, of his countrymen in 1853–54, that "when a people are inflamed in that way, they are no better than mad dogs;" and his words seem to apply with novel force to the England of 1878.

To set up a silver star in the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem, to hold the key of its great door, the Latin clergy set the world in a flame; and Mr. Kinglake has traced the rising conflagration from the earliest spark to the final catastrophe. It was in the Euxine that the dreadful and needless contest was to rage, on the peaceful Chersonese, whose farmers and shepherds acknowledged that they had lived for generations at ease under the mild rule of the Czar. What were the soldiers of the Western nations doing in this distant and savage solitude? why had Strength and Force once more chained philanthropy to the lonely rock, and left it to complain to the rejoicing waves and the all-embracing air? For months the horrible din of warfare went on around the harbor and walls of Sevastopol; the honest Raglan and the conspirators St. Arnaud and Canrobert pursued their destructive labors. The simple peasants of ancient Muscovy wondered why they were forced into a deadly contest with the farmers of Normandy and the laborers of Kent and Sussex, and died in countless numbers on the heights of Inkermann and amidst the plague-stricken valleys of the Crimea. The French and English officers disputed for the chief command; adversity united them. The dreadful passion for war raged in both nations. The horrors of the merciless siege deepened toward its close. "The English desired war," says Mr. Kinglake, but they were soon surfeited of its penalties, and when Malakoff and the Redan fell, and the sickening and tainted ruins of Sevastopol came into their power, most Englishmen probably felt that they had been misguided and deceived. The French conspirators alone had profited by the Crimean war to fasten their tyranny upon France, and sustain by French bayonets the temporal power of the papacy.

Thus Russia in 1855 seemed shut out from the control of the Euxine. But the only benefit England could boast of from its Crimean victory was a new load of debt, of poverty, and of glory, and the possession of an ally across the Channel who was believed to have had a strong inclination for the sack of London and the spoils of Windsor. The conspirators of the Tuileries seemed anxious to revive the massacres of the boulevards in Piccadilly and Pall Mall; England never knew any sense of security while her wicked ally was in command of France. But happily for Europe his last mad scheme was defeated by the united Germans; the papacy fell before the united Italians; Europe made a great stride onward in general intelligence; and Turkey, shaken by the discontent of its Christian subjects, odious by its cruelties, has once more invoked the interference of Russia, and met with its most disastrous overthrow. Russian armies command the Euxine; the Dardanelles are controlled by Russian guns; the fleets of England will in vain endeavor to arrest the fall of the Ottoman Empire and the entrance of the Russians into Constantinople.

The united European powers may be more successful, but the events of the war have shown rather the weakness than the strength of Russia, and have taken away any pretense of alarm that England might have put forward as a ground for her armed interference. The Russian armies that could scarcely overpower the wasted strength of Turkey are no match for the trained forces of the West. England may lay aside its fears for India; Germany will never become Cossack. The Euxine may be made a Russian sea, but it will be devoted to peaceful purposes. Russia, we may trust, will become the symbol of industrial progress, and the lament of the philanthropic Prometheus be changed into the happy cries of triumphant peace.

Eugene Lawrence.

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[1] Kinglake: *The Invasion of the Crimea.* Von Moltke: *Russian Campaigns in Turkey,* 1828–29.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

MARCH.

Sunday, 24.—Third Sunday in Lent.
Monday, 25.—Annunciation B.V.M.
Sunday, 31.—Fourth Sunday in Lent.

Mr. Cook is not likely to win and hold his position as a successful lecturer on the relations of metaphysics and science to the Christian religion without being subjected to searching criticism. Essays have appeared in the *New Englander* which call in question the validity of both his scientific and his philosophical positions. It should be said, however, that Mr. Cook has a word for his critics, and replies to them from time to time with great energy. One strong point in his addresses should not be overlooked. By the force of his oratorical talent he has given to the abstrusest subjects a popular interest. Were he to discuss them in the "dry light" of the understanding, which Bacon says is best, he would speak to empty benches. The features of his lectures which may make them distasteful to highly cultivated men are the sources of their popular power.

In contrast with the honors paid to the deceased Pope were those rendered to the memory of Dr. Duff, the East Indian missionary. His death has elicited tributes to his worth throughout America, Great Britain, and India. If the Pope accumulated wealth from the gifts of his friends, Dr. Duff as persistently refused them, turning them over, whenever bestowed, to the cause of missions. The London *Spectator* bears this testimony to his great influence in India: "Possessed of singular powers of tuition, unwearied in labor, and able to enchain men with an oratory which we have never heard surpassed, and under which listeners who hated missions would sit rapt for hours, Dr. Duff had another faculty which served him more than all. He was a born diplomatist in the highest sense, and for years he mediated between the religious world and the government of India, until he acquired the perfect confidence of both, and was able to exercise a most beneficent influence over all moral, educational, and philanthropic legislation." The Lord Provost of Edinburgh, the Town Council, and a great crowd of spectators attended Dr. Duff's funeral.

Mr. Osborne Morgan's resolution in favor of the free use of all parish church-yards for the interment of the dead has been defeated by the small number of 15 votes in the British House of Commons. The votes for the resolution numbered 227; the votes against, 242. The majority against this measure in 1875 was 14; in 1876, 31; in 1878 it is 15.

The Rev. C. C. M'Cabe, one of the secretaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church Extension Society, states that Mr. Edward Kimball's introduction to his church debt-paying work was accidental. He was visiting San Francisco on business, and attaching himself to a Presbyterian church there, was requested by the pastor to occupy the pulpit for several Sundays as a Bible-reader and lay preacher. Mr. Kimball did this during the pastor's absence, with good success. Discovering that the church was in debt to the extent of $8000, "he set about raising the money to pay it. He prepared his way very carefully, and the next Sabbath the debt that had perplexed them so long vanished before the eyes of the people." Mr. Kimball was as much surprised by this success as were those whom he helped. And now, says Mr. M'Cabe, "he sought the study of Dr. Stone, whose great congregation groaned beneath a debt of $86,000. 'Doctor,' said Mr. Kimball, 'I want to raise your debt next Sabbath.' 'Can you work miracles?' said the doctor. 'My Master can,' was the devout reply." After careful preparatory work the money was secured the following Sunday. In all $271,000 were obtained in San Francisco for the discharge of church debts. Mr. Kimball's method eschews clap-trap and the telling of funny stories, for which he is to be commended.

The Rev. Dr. Haygood, of the Southern Methodist Church, is writing very courageously of the difference between the North and South in respect of periodicals, and especially religious periodicals. Comparing States of equal populations, Kentucky has 145 periodical publications of all kinds, and Massachusetts 342; Louisiana 84, and California 276. The four strongest Baptist papers of the South circulate 24,500 copies, and a single one in the North 21,000. The four Southern Methodist *Christian Advocates* have an aggregate circulation of 28,000; the four most prosperous Northern Methodist *Advocates* have an aggregate circulation of 111,000. Dr. Haygood asks: "Can we explain these figures? Where is the fault? In publishers, editors, preachers, or people? Or is it in all? The investigation should go on and to the bottom. It concerns the whole Church, and not for this generation only. Where is the trouble? *We must find out.*" Such plain dealing with one of the greatest defects of Southern life ought, if it were general, to insure the application of the only remedy—the more thorough education of the Southern people.

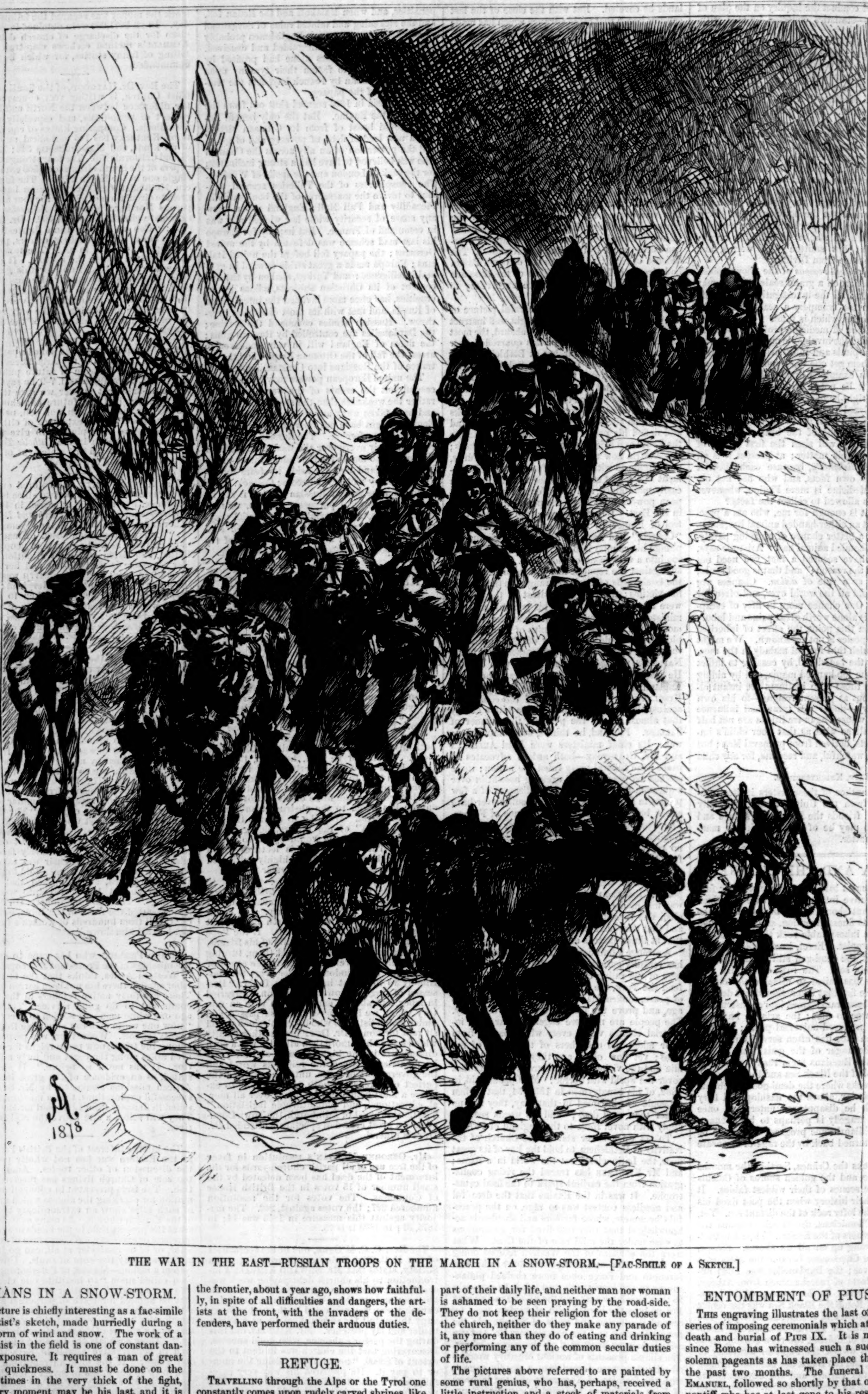
Archbishop Purcell has issued a pastoral letter to the Catholics of the Archdiocese of Cincinnati on the doctrine of future punishment. Quoting I. Thessalonians, i. 7–9, he says: "This is the all-sufficient answer we give those who ask us about hell and future punishment. As we neither made heaven nor hell, neither can we give proof of the existence of either, other than God has been pleased to give us." He promises to publish in the *Catholic Telegraph* a sermon containing a full statement of his view of this doctrine of the Church.

Mrs. Amanda Smith, the colored evangelist, who was noticed a year or two since in this Intelligence, has recently appeared in Brooklyn. A correspondent of the *Church and People* says of her addresses delivered in the Plymouth Bethel: "Congregations composed of many of the most cultured as well as common people fill the Bethel, and listen with rapt attention to her. Her language is well chosen, and her illustrations often graphic." Mrs. Smith was in early life a slave in Cecil County, Maryland; was redeemed by her father, and taken to Pennsylvania, where she became an inmate of a Quaker family. For eight years she has been an evangelist, visiting New England, the West, and the South as far as Tennessee.

To counteract the democratic socialism of Germany the newly organized workman's party is extending its operations in many directions. A Workman's Inquiry Office has been opened in Berlin, and the beginning made of a Workman's Home. Both Protestants and Roman Catholics are admitted as members of the new party. The declaration was recently made by a chief officer: "Any man who professes a love to Christ, and is willing to go onward with us in His name, will be welcomed by us." The democratic socialists of Berlin are as energetic as their Christian opponents. The following story, told by the intelligent German correspondent of the London *Guardian,* reveals a singular state of society in the Prussian capital: "The threatened meeting of socialist women was held on February 6, and a very stormy affair it was. For three hours and a half the tempest of female tongues lasted, but it was bravely faced by a missionary pastor. The chair was taken by a woman, who with other women told foul stories about clergymen, and proposed that all the churches should be turned into workmen's dwellings. The brave missionary, Dr. Wangerman, asserted the truth of the Bible, but shouts of 'Lies!' from hundreds of women's throats at last howled him down."

Bishop Pennick, who has gone to supervise the missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Western Africa, thinks that the forty years' labor applied there has not been barren of result. There are forty native teachers in the mission competent to do good service. Thirty years ago one white man was needed to every school, "now one white man can supervise from ten to twenty schools. Where there was perpetual war among the tribes, now peace reigns for one hundred miles along the coast and forty miles interior. It was never so before." It should be stated, as an evidence of the great interest in African missions awakened by Mr. Stanley's successful explorations, that a missionary party sailed in January from Liverpool for the Congo. They will select a site above the rapids of that river.

The intense interest of the British Parliament in the Eastern war has not wholly precluded the discussion of other topics. Among these the sale of Church livings has received attention. The facts presented in connection with a motion for checking the abuses which grow out of such sales show an extraordinary condition of the English Church. As many as 2000 livings are at the present time in the hands of agents for purchase or exchange. A clergyman of any character, or of no character at all, can go into the market and buy the cure of souls. Under this system a bishop—Magee, of Peterborough—has been called upon "to institute one clergyman who was a paralytic, another so aged and infirm that he applied for leave of perpetual absence, a third who was a reclaimed drunkard, and a fourth who had resigned a public office rather than face a charge of the most horrible immorality." These scandals are becoming intolerable even in conservative England. Says the London *Times:* "If the most disreputable clergyman in existence wants to invest a few thousand pounds in an annuity, he has a choice of two methods. He may go to his broker and buy one in the money market, or he may go to an ecclesiastical agent and buy a living. The latter process may be rather troublesome, but the annuity in this case has many contingent advantages. It may insure good society, or good shooting, or good fishing, and may be in practice as little burdened with duties as the other." And yet every effort so far made to correct these evils has met with a stubborn resistance.



THE WAR IN THE EAST—RUSSIAN TROOPS ON THE MARCH IN A SNOW-STORM.—[Fac-Simile of a Sketch.]

RUSSIANS IN A SNOW-STORM.

This picture is chiefly interesting as a fac-simile of the artist's sketch, made hurriedly during a driving storm of wind and snow. The work of a special artist in the field is one of constant danger and exposure. It requires a man of great nerve and quickness. It must be done on the spot, sometimes in the very thick of the fight, where every moment may be his last, and it is harder than that of a correspondent by as much as sketching is more difficult than the mere jotting down of notes, especially when the fingers are benumbed with cold, and the sight obscured with driving snow. The long series of war illustrations which have kept our readers informed of the progress of the campaigns in European and Asiatic Turkey since the Russian armies crossed the frontier, about a year ago, shows how faithfully, in spite of all difficulties and dangers, the artists at the front, with the invaders or the defenders, have performed their arduous duties.

REFUGE.

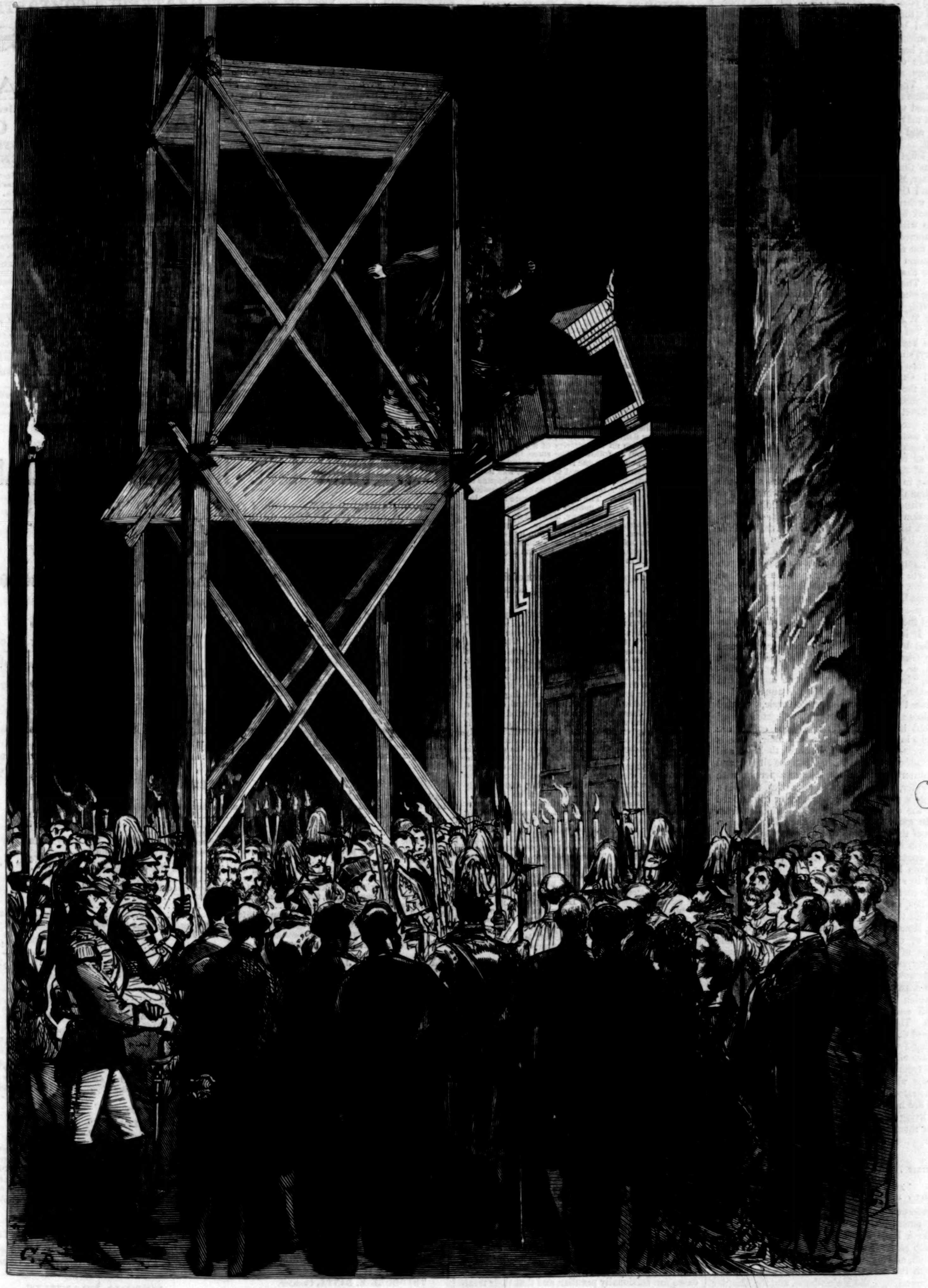
Travelling through the Alps or the Tyrol one constantly comes upon rudely carved shrines, like the one depicted in our illustration on page 228, or roughly painted sketches of accidents or escapes from accident. No devout peasant ever passes one of these shrines without making the sign of the cross, and perhaps kneeling for a moment to say a prayer. There is something very touching in this natural expression of piety. Among these simple and plain people religion is a part of their daily life, and neither man nor woman is ashamed to be seen praying by the road-side. They do not keep their religion for the closet or the church, neither do they make any parade of it, any more than they do of eating and drinking or performing any of the common secular duties of life.

The pictures above referred to are painted by some rural genius, who has, perhaps, received a little instruction and a stock of materials from artists on their summer tours through the mountains, and, though rudely executed, some of them exhibit talent for design. An inscription is generally placed below the picture, describing the fatal accident or the providential escape, with a request to pray for a departed soul or give thanks to the Holy Virgin or some protecting saint for a miraculous deliverance.

ENTOMBMENT OF PIUS IX.

This engraving illustrates the last of that long series of imposing ceremonials which attended the death and burial of Pius IX. It is many years since Rome has witnessed such a succession of solemn pageants as has taken place there within the past two months. The funeral of Victor Emanuel, followed so shortly by that of the aged pontiff who has at last gone to his rest, gave occasion for a series of mournful scenes such as have rarely taken place before even in the Eternal City.

For three days before its entombment the body of the deceased Pope lay in state in the Chapel of the Holy Sacrament in St. Peter's. Dressed in all the magnificence of the episcopal robes, and wearing a golden mitre, the mortal remains of



ENTOMBMENT OF PIUS IX.—PLACING THE BODY IN THE SARCOPHAGUS AT ST. PETER'S.

the venerable pontiff rested upon a crimson-covered bier, the head slightly elevated by a cushion, and the hands gently folded on the breast. The face, perfectly visible, seemed, according to the testimony of those who saw it, unchanged from what it had been in life, and the expression was one of absolute peace. The calmness was, indeed, almost like that of sleep. A slight flush even was on the cheek, and a smile seemed to hover about the lips. The white hair peeped forth from under the mitre, and in the crossed hands, covered with red gloves, lay a golden crucifix suspended from a chain about the neck. On the right hand, outside the glove, sparkled the great episcopal ring worn by the Pope during his long pontificate of thirty-two years.

While the body of the pontiff lay in state in the chapel the whole magnificent structure of St. Peter's exhibited the signs of deepest mourning. Silence, broken only by the occasional whispering of visitors, reigned throughout every quarter of the great edifice. Probably there never was on earth a scene more impressive than that presented by this ancient church while the body of the venerable old priest lay awaiting the time of burial. A correspondent of the New York *World* records the impression made upon his mind as follows:

"What a wonderful spectacle meets my eye! Here and there, at long intervals, in the middle of the broad marble pavement, stand torches, set in massive iron tripods, marking out the direction in which we should go. These, with some six or eight colossal candles twinkling afar off on the high altar, and a hundred small brazen lamps at its base, which shine forever, night and day, around the tomb of St. PETER, are the sole illumination of that immense, superb, and silent mausoleum. The light of the torches, too feeble to dispel the gloom beneath those gigantic domes, faintly kindles into blue cloud-wreaths the vapors of the burning incense. Ever and anon athwart the gleaming marble surface of the mighty columns glide wavering shadows of passing priests, distorted and ghost-like. A feeling of strange isolation and utter insignificance comes over me as I stand and hold my breath, and gaze far away into the impenetrable darkness, vainly striving to fathom with my eye the hidden distances. Seen in this dim and shadowy light, which shrouds its details and develops its grand proportions, the basilica of MICHAEL ANGELO grows in grandeur, and an atmosphere of solemnity pervades it, which lifts the soul far above and away from the every-day world and its commonplace interests. As I walked slowly along toward the Chapel of the Holy Sacrament, following the line of the torches, silent forms continually hurried by; groups of black priests came forth out of darkness and disappeared into darkness again. Now and then women in long black veils rustled slowly by. Here a kneeling figure cast a long shadow, stretching far across the tessellated marble pavements, and there, again, came a stately monsignor, and with his attendant satellites, the dusky priests, swept past toward the holy chapel."

As soon as the period of lying in state was over, the iron gates of the chapel were closed. Then began the solemn ceremonies by which the body of the dead pontiff was conducted to its tomb. Within the chapel slowly gathers an assemblage of the princes of the Church. The cardinals have already descended by a private staircase from the Hall of the Consistory within the Vatican. As each of these prelates passes the bier he stoops to kiss the foot of the dead Pope. Outside the iron gates are crowded the guests admitted by special permission to witness the ceremonies. These include the whole of the diplomatic body accredited to the Holy See, many members of the Roman aristocracy, and some strangers, among whom are a fair proportion of ladies. They are for the most part kneeling, and from time to time a crucifix, a rosary, or a medal is passed to the attendant priests with a prayer that it may touch for a moment the corpse of the Pope, and thus become a relic precious to the devout.

At length, from the Chapel of the Choir, or Canons' Chapel, arrive the clergy of the Basilica of St. Peter, Monsignor Folicaldi, Bishop of Ephesus and Canon of the Basilica Vaticana, at its head, wearing a white mitre and a black cape. Assisted by the inferior clergy, he sprinkles the corpse with holy water, reciting meanwhile the accustomed prayers. Finally, the bier is raised upon the shoulders of the Noble Guard, and the procession begins. First walk the mace-bearers of the chapter, and the great crucifix is borne aloft. Then come a crowd of Church dignitaries, among whom certain of the cardinals are eagerly observed. "Which," says the eminent English writer T. Adolphus Trollope, in describing the scene, "of those old men is to be the new keeper of the keys? What stirring ambitions, zealous bigotry, sincere devotion, pious faith, and angry arrogance dwell beneath those reverend gray hairs! Cardinals Bilio, Pecci, and Di Pietro are among the most closely noted. But what avails the keenest scrutiny? These are not men to wear their heart upon their sleeve."

The question of a successor to Pius IX. is amicably settled now, but at that time there must have been a strange tumult in the mind of this body of cardinals. Amid it all lies the quiet form of the deceased Pope, his face serene and smiling in its white calm as he passes for the last time through the great Basilica which has so often witnessed his triumphs. Chanting still, the procession moves along the aisle; passes close beneath the sitting statue of St. Peter, with the keys in its bronze hand; reaches the apse, with its huge *barocco* altar and so-called Chair of St. Peter; turns, and goes back down the church on the north side, until it arrives at the Chapel of the Choir, where the final funeral ceremonies are performed. Here the bier is reversed, so that the corpse is carried into the chapel with its head toward the altar, in accordance with ancient custom. It is then set down in the midst, and surrounded by the members of the hierarchy and Noble Guard. The choir (called the Cappella Giulia, or Julian Choir) begin to sing the antiphone, "In paradisum deducant te angeli," and the psalm, "Sicut cervus ad fontes aquarum."

While the grave and majestic music, executed by voices alone, thrills through the lighted chapel and out into the dark nave, three coffins are brought in and placed before the altar. One is of cypress wood, the second of lead, the third and largest of chestnut wood. When the singing and the muttered prayers, the solemn aspersion with holy water, and the incensing are over, there is a moment's pause, during which every eye is fixed upon the dead face so soon to be hidden from human gaze. At last Monsignor Ricci, Major-domo of the deceased Pope, advances to the bier, and, with evident emotion, covers the face of his dead master with a white silk sheet. At a signal from him the chaplains of the basilica, assisted by several officers of the Noble Guard, take up the corners of the crimson cloth on which the body lies, and, raising it thus reverently, deposit it within the first coffin of cypress wood. This done, Monsignor Ricci places in the coffin three bags of crimson velvet, containing coins and medals of gold, silver, and bronze, whose numbers correspond with the years of the long pontificate now brought to a close. He also deposits there a parchment scroll within a leaden tube, on which is written the eulogium of the dead pontiff and an outline of the chief acts of his reign. The cypress coffin is then closed and screwed down. The Cardinal Secretary of State, retiring from it, makes three genuflections—the last act of homage which Pius IX. may ever receive from mortal man. The leaden coffin bears a cross above the late Pope's arms, which are surmounted by the triple pontifical crowns. The keys are not there, these symbols belonging only to a living ruler of the Church. Upon the leaden coffin there is also the following simple inscription:

CORPUS
PII . IX . P . M
VIXIT . AN . LXXXV . M . VIII . D . XXVI
ECCLES . VNIVER . PRAEFVIT
AN . XXXI . M . VII . D . XXIII
OBIIT . DIE . VII . FEBR . AN . MDCCCLXXVIII.

Underneath these words there is a skull and cross-bones. The leaden coffin is again inclosed within a large external case of chestnut wood. In each case the accustomed formalities are gone through, and one receptacle after another is sealed with the various seals—seven in number—of the Camerlengo, the Major-domo, and the Chapter of St. Peter's. Finally the heavy mass is placed upon a wheeled truck, covered with crimson cloth, which is slowly rolled along until it stands beneath a gaping chasm in the wall above a certain door to the left of one of the galleries of the Canons' Chapel, and opposite to the monument of Pope Innocent VIII. In this depository the remains of each pope lie until displaced to make room for those of his successor.

The moment when the coffin was raised to the elevated position it must occupy was one of exceeding solemnity. As shown in our picture, priests, cardinals, and other dignitaries of the Church stood with uncovered heads watching the action of the machinery by which the remains of their late master were raised toward the narrow space accorded him who in life had swayed the destiny of the largest ecclesiastical body in the world.

GENERAL GRANT IN EGYPT.

We are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. John Russell Young, of the New York *Herald*, for the photographs from which our illustrations on page 229 are engraved. Mr. Young's letters to that journal, describing General Grant's journey up the Nile, are models of newspaper correspondence—bright, chatty, full of anecdote and incident, and not overloaded, as letters from Egypt are apt to be, with learned talk about the Pharaohs and the Pyramids. They show us Egypt and its people as they are to-day, as our distinguished countryman and his party have just seen them. His description of Medinet Haboo, one of the great temples of Thebes, gives a pleasant glimpse of the manner in which the excursionists enjoyed themselves:

> "Medinet Haboo deserves special mention as the only temple where you can find traces of the home life of an Egyptian king. I had been asking on many occasions where we could see some trace of how king and people lived in the early days. One grew tired—let me say it, if I dare, without irreverence—one grew tired of temples and tombs and these endless tributes to the valor of kings and the virtues of the gods. So when we came to Medinet Haboo, we were shown the rooms where the great Rameses lived. To enter the private apartments of a great monarch is undoubtedly a privilege, and I was prepared for some ceremony in making our call. But the apartment was in the second story, and the ceremonies were something like those which a school-boy adopts in climbing a neighbor's cherry-tree. You climbed a stone, and then a wall, and up the wall over stones which time and sight-seers had worn smooth, and into a window from a precarious ledge. I suppose the great king entered into the bosom of his family by some less complicated method; and as I saw Hadden and Wilner climb the rock nimbly enough, I remembered that they were sailors, and could run up rigging, and thought I would wait and take their word for it when they came down. But when I saw the conqueror of Lee deliberately follow, and scale the imperial chamber with all the activity of a young lieutenant, I was bound to follow. The room in which his Majesty lived, and which one reached somewhat out of breath and a good deal covered with dust, was not an imposing apartment. It evidently feels the absence of the master's eye, for the bats have taken possession, and the roof is gone. The walls are covered with inscriptions. But you see gentler themes than those we have been studying these many, many days. Here the king lived with the ladies of his harem. You see him attended by them. They are giving him lotus flowers; they wave fans before him. In one picture he sits with a favorite at a game of draughts. His arm is extended, holding a piece in the act of moving."

At Karnak a photograph was taken of the group of travellers. It is thus pleasantly described by Mr. Young:

> "We formed a group and had a photograph taken, all of us there, on the skirts of the great hall, surrounding the general and Mrs. Grant. I suppose you can buy the picture if you come to Thebes. The general wears his pith helmet, swathed in silk, and you just catch a glimpse of the eyes and all the force of his brave, kind, strong face. Mrs. Grant sits near him, shrinking from the sun. Jesse Grant holds an Arab child close to him. The child had been clinging to him, following him all the morning, holding the hem of his coat, following him with the wistful eyes of a pet animal. Jesse had quite won the child by some attention in the way of an orange or an apple, and it came with him on his donkey to the boat, and only left after it had been endowed beyond any Arab child in Luxor that day. Crouching close to the ground is the face of our ever kindly leader, that good Moslem Sami Bey, his head enveloped in a silk cloth of orange and green that was brought to him from Mecca. There is Brugsch, with the cane in his hand; and if I only knew one-thousandth part of what he knows, I would make these letters an addition to our literature. Brugsch looks a little severe, but he has been talking about the vandals who destroy monuments and rob Egypt of her treasures, and wishing he had certain persons in his power for half an hour, that he might inflict with his own hands the severest punishment known to the laws. The bearded face is that of Dr. Cooke, who would give all the ruins of Karnak if he were sure of a mail when he returned to the boat. Hadden sits in the corner with his legs crossed, and in a few minutes he will be singing through the ruins the camp-meeting refrain, 'Let my people go.' The consul-general looks like a clergyman about to open service; and the young mustached face near him is that of Ensign Wilner, who hopes to be an admiral before he dies. On the extreme left is Hassen, with his sabre, who has carried that weapon for eighteen years as the defender of the American eagle."

A DEBATABLE QUESTION.

While much has been written concerning the use of "put up" medicines, the question is still an open one, and demands of the people a careful consideration. The salient points may be briefly stated, and answered as follows: 1st—Are the sick capable of determining their real condition, the nature of their malady, and selecting the proper remedy or means of cure? 2d—Can a physician, no matter how skilful, prepare a universal remedy, adapted to the peculiar ailments of a large class of people, residing in different latitudes, and subject to various climatic influences? In answer to the first proposition, we would say, diseases are named and known by certain "signs" or symptoms, and, as the mother does not need a physician to tell her that her child has the whooping-cough, or indicate a remedy, so people when afflicted with many of the symptoms concomitant to "impure blood," "torpid liver," and "bad digestion," require no other knowledge of their condition or the remedy indicated than they already possess. Second proposition — Many physicians argue that diseases are sectionally peculiar, and that their treatment must therefore vary, and yet quinine, morphine, podophyllin, and hundreds of other remedies are prescribed *in all countries* to overcome *certain conditions.* Is it not, therefore, self-evident that a physician whose large experience has made him familiar with the many phases incident to all *impurities* of the *blood, general and nervous debility, liver complaint, dyspepsia, consumption, and catarrh,* can prepare a series of remedies exactly adapted to meet the conditions manifest, wherever and by whatever means it may have been engendered? The family medicines prepared by R. V. Pierce, M.D., of Buffalo, N. Y., fulfil the above requirements. Many physicians prescribe them in their practice. His Golden Medical Discovery has no equal as a blood-purifier and general tonic, while his Favorite Prescription cures those weaknesses peculiar to women, after physicians have failed. His Pleasant Purgative Pellets, which are sugar-coated and little larger than mustard seeds, are a safe and certain cure for "torpid" liver and constipation. If you wish to save money by avoiding doctors and keep or regain your health, buy The People's Common-Sense Medical Adviser, an illustrated work of over 900 pages. It contains instruction concerning anatomy, physiology, hygiene, and the treatment of disease. Over one hundred thousand copies already sold. Price (postpaid), $1 50. Address the author, R. V. Pierce, M.D., Buffalo, N. Y.—[*Com.*]

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Thirty-third Annual Report
OF THE
NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,
Office, Nos. 346 and 348 Broadway.
JANUARY 1, 1878.

Amount of Net Cash Assets, January 1, 1877 .. $32,730,898.20

REVENUE ACCOUNT.

Premiums received and deferred	$6,232,394.70		
Less deferred premiums Jan. 1, 1877	432,695.40—	$5,799,699.30	
Interest received and accrued	2,168,015.85		
Less accrued Jan. 1, 1877	300,558.68—	1,867,457.17—	$7,667,156.47
			$40,398,054.67

DISBURSEMENT ACCOUNT.

Losses by death, including additions		$1,638,128.39	
Endowments matured and discounted		185,160.12	
Life annuities and re-insurances		194,318.86	
Dividends and returned premiums on canceled policies		2,421,847.36	
Commissions, brokerages, agency expenses, and physicians' fees		531,526.03	
Taxes, office and law expenses, salaries, advertising, printing, &c.		501,025.90	
Reduction of premiums on United States stocks	$211,112.72		
Reduction on other stocks	12,030.00		
Contingent fund to cover any depreciation in value of real estate	250,000.00—	473,142.72—	$5,945,149.38
			$34,452,905.29

ASSETS.

Cash in bank, on hand, and in transit; since received	$1,216,301.61	
Invested in United States, New York City, and other stocks (market value, $13,379,930.33)	12,875,584.69	
Real estate	3,350,268.07	
Bonds and mortgages, first lien on real estate (buildings thereon insured for $13,580,000, and the policies assigned to the Company as additional collateral security)	15,379,202.23	
*Loans on existing policies (the reserve held by the Company on these policies amounts to $3,445,195)	695,234.74	
*Quarterly and semi-annual premiums on existing policies, due subsequent to Jan. 1, 1878	396,289.26	
*Premiums on existing policies in course of transmission and collection (estimated reserve on these policies, $674,000; included in liabilities)	167,183.37	
Agents' balances	56,945.97	
Accrued interest on investments to Jan. 1, 1878	315,895.35—	$34,452,905.29

**A detailed schedule of these items will accompany the usual annual report filed with the Insurance Department of the State of New York.*

Excess of market value of securities over cost	504,345.64
CASH ASSETS JAN. 1, 1878	$34,957,250.93

Appropriated as follows:

Adjusted losses, due subsequent to Jan. 1, 1878	$348,069.48	
Reported losses, awaiting proof, &c.	112,897.84	
Reserved for re-insurance on existing policies; participating insurance at 4 per cent. Carlisle net premium; non-participating at 5 per cent. Carlisle net premium	31,022,405.99	
Reserved for contingent liabilities to Tontine Dividend Fund, over and above at 4 per cent. reserve on existing policies of that class	792,302.22	
Reserved for premiums paid in advance	17,430.91—	$32,293,106.44
Divisible surplus at 4 per cent.		2,664,144.49

Surplus, estimated by the N. Y. State Standard at 4 1-2 per cent., over $6,000,000.00

From the undivided surplus of $2,664,144.49 the Board of Trustees has declared a reversionary dividend available on settlement of next annual premium to participating policies proportionate to their contribution to surplus.

During the year, 6,597 policies have been issued, insuring $20,156,639.

Number of policies in force Jan. 1, 1876, 44,661. Amount at risk, $126,132,119.
Number of policies in force Jan. 1, 1877, 45,421. Amount at risk, 127,748,473.
Number of policies in force Jan. 1, 1878, 45,605. Amount at risk, 127,901,887.
Death-Claims paid, 1875, $1,524,815. Income from Interest, 1875, $1,870,658.
Death-Claims paid, 1876, 1,547,648. Income from Interest, 1876, 1,906,950.
Death-Claims paid, 1877, 1,638,128. Income from Interest, 1877, 1,867,457.
Divisible surplus at 4 per cent. Jan. 1, 1876, $2,499,656.
Divisible surplus at 4 per cent. Jan. 1, 1877, 2,626,816.
Divisible surplus at 4 per cent. Jan. 1, 1878, 2,664,144.

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JOHN MAIRS,
DAVID DOWS,
HENRY BOWERS,
JOHN M. FURMAN,
WILLIAM BARTON,
WILLIAM A. BOOTH,
WM. H. APPLETON,
EDWARD MARTIN,
ISAAC C. KENDALL,
EDW. A. WHITTEMORE,
H. B. CLAFLIN,
LOOMIS L. WHITE,
GEORGE A. OSGOOD,
WILLIAM H. BEERS.

THEODORE M. BANTA, Cashier.
D. O'DELL, Superintendent of Agencies.
CHARLES WRIGHT, M.D., Residence, 109 E. 26th St. } Medical Examiners.
HENRY TUCK, M.D., Residence, 15 E. 31st St. } Medical Examiners.

MORRIS FRANKLIN,
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WILLIAM H. BEERS,
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Constantinople. By James Bryce	15
The Turks in Europe. By Edward A. Freeman	15
Kate Cronin's Dowry. By Mrs. Cashel Hoey	15
Brother Jacob—The Lifted Veil. By George Eliot	20
A Shadow on the Threshold. By Mary Cecil Hay	20
The Bride of Landeck. By G. P. R. James	20
Da Capo. By Miss Thackeray	20
Spanish Armada for the Invasion of England	20
Poor Zeph! By F. W. Robinson	20
Janet's Repentance. By George Eliot	20
Mr. Gilfil's Love Story. By George Eliot	20
Sad Fortunes of the Rev. Amos Barton. By George Eliot	20
The Jews and their Persecutors. By Eugene Lawrence	20
Percy and the Prophet. By Wilkie Collins	20
The House on the Beach. By George Meredith	20
The Mill of St. Herbot. By Katharine S. Macquoid	20
The Jilt. By Charles Reade. Illustrated	20
The Time of Roses. By Geraldine Butt	20
Dieudonnée. By Geraldine Butt	20
Oliver Cromwell. By Knatchbull-Hugessen	20
Thompson Hall. By Anthony Trollope. Illustrated	20
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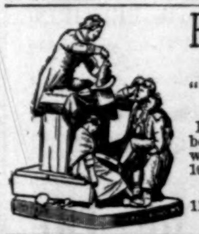

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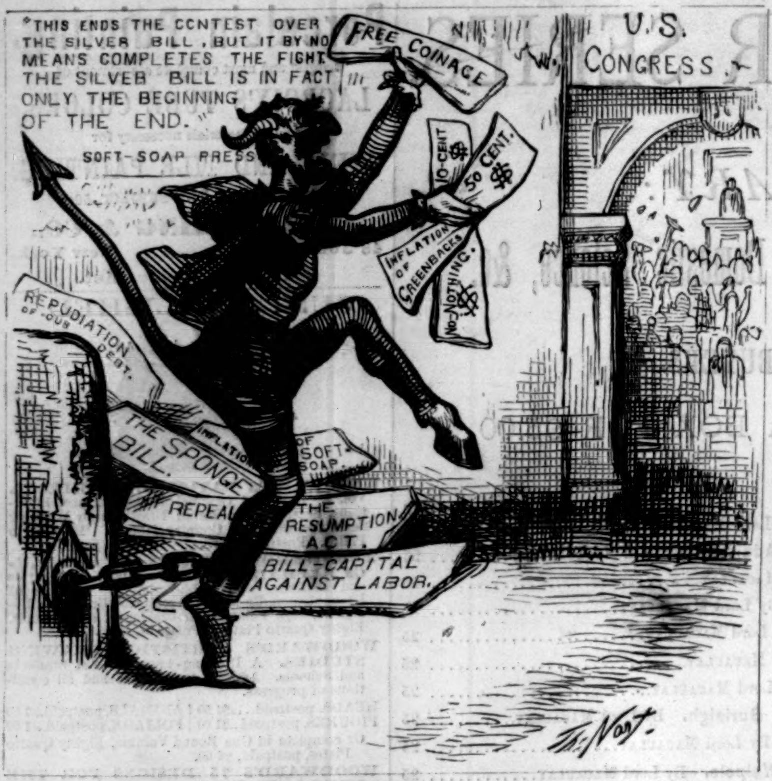
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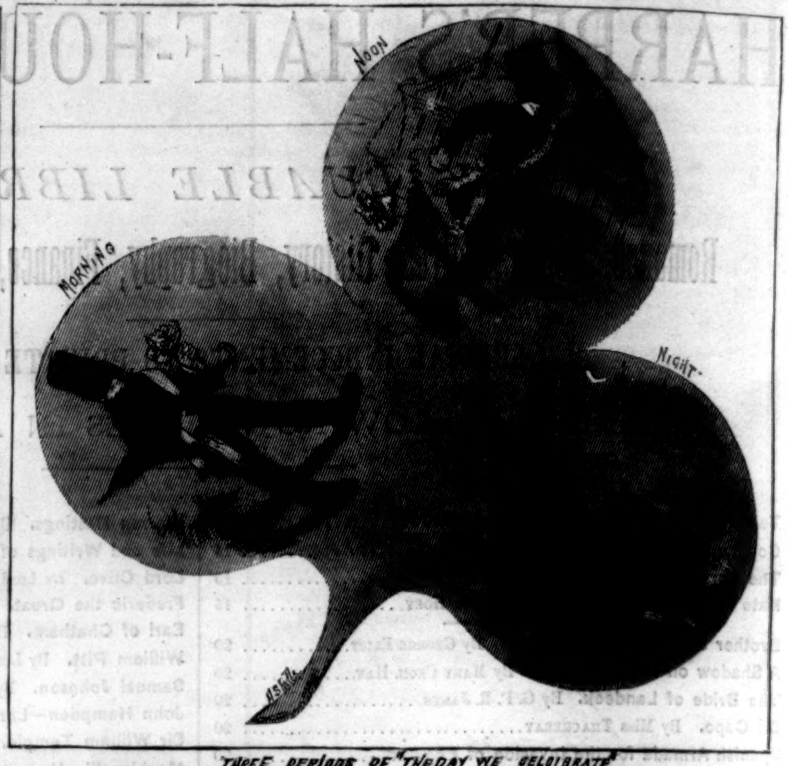

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STANLEY IN AFRICA.

THE death of Edward Pocock has already been alluded to in the *Weekly*. It occurred at a time when Stanley could ill afford to lose one of the few white companions who followed him in his perilous journey through a country where only the hardiest Europeans can hope to withstand the influences of the climate. This young man was one of two brothers who volunteered to accompany Stanley to Africa, and serve during the period of time consumed by the expedition. Their parents, Henry and Ann Pocock, residents of Rochester, county of Kent, England, are described as honest, virtuous, and attractive people, and their many excellent qualities seem to have been inherited by their children. Edward especially appears to have been a favorite with all who knew him. The warm place that he occupied in Stanley's affections, as well as his eminent fitness for the position he occupied on the staff of the explorer, is shown by the following extract from the latter's journals: "Edward was a short, lithe, active young man of about twenty-five, with light curling hair. He was a capital sailor, and was handy in patching up all kinds of work that needed repair, such as a sail or a boat; he could fashion a well-shaped oar, could arrange a bale properly, and, having an eye to order and neatness, no one could possibly find fault with him. Besides which he was industrious, and did not need much superintendence, which relieved me from much anxiety and trouble. Added to these first-class qualities for an assistant in Africa, he was a capital singer, and could play excellently on such homely instruments as the concertina and harmonium. His *repertoire* of songs was very extensive. At Zanzibar the two young men, Edward and Frank, treated the merchants assembled of a Saturday evening at Mr. Augustus Sparhawk's house with a number of the popular songs as sung at the music halls of London; and I have heard them frequently express their delight and approbation of their fine voices and musical talents. I had abundant opportunities to note their more manly qualities during an exploration of the Rufiji, and from what I observed then I regarded both brothers as being perfectly 'fit' for the arduous enterprise before them."

It was during the march from the east coast to the southern point of the Victoria Nyanza that Edward Pocock's death occurred. Stanley left Bagamoyo, opposite Zanzibar, on November 17, 1874, and reached the lake February 27, 1875. From Bagamoyo to Mpwapwa he was upon a travelled path, and little occurred that does not usually fall within the experience of exploring parties starting from the same point. On quitting Mpwapwa he journeyed through the desert of the Mgunda Mkali, or Region of the Forest, and so traversed Northern Ugogo. The Northern chiefs did not differ materially from those of the South, and could not certainly be favorably contrasted with them. They fleeced the travellers of their chattels, and levied black-mail upon them whenever an opportunity for the practice of such pleasant and profitable arts of savage life presented itself.

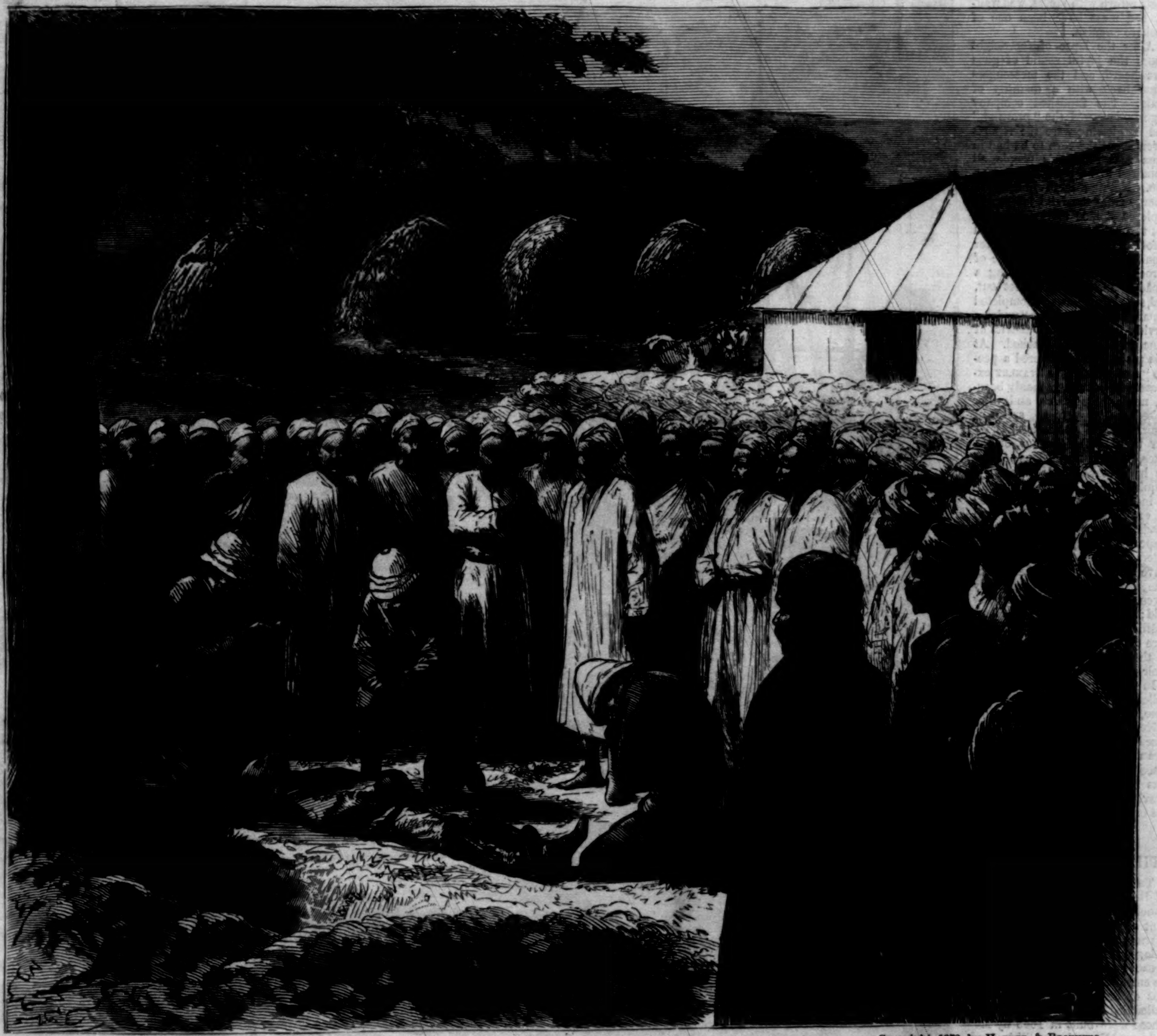
But, nevertheless, Stanley from time to time came across tribes more amicably disposed toward strangers. Still, there were few cases when the demand for *bakshish* was not heavy. Now broad and bleak plains were traversed where food was scarce, and could only be purchased by a liberal outlay of cotton cloth. Again, hilly districts were entered where provisions were abundant, the chiefs civil, and the people amiable. Peaceful times were followed by troublous ones. Tracts were crossed where there was nothing but desolation; war was rife, and the natives hostile and perfidious. Countries were entered which lay at the mercy of the ferocious Wahumba to the north and the Wahebu to the south. "Thus good and evil fortune," says Stanley, "alternated during our travels through Ugogo." The party was frequently exposed to furious tempests of wind and rain, and at times the expedition seemed to be literally melting away. Some members of Stanley's company died from fatigue or famine; many were left behind sick, while others in turn deserted. Promises of reward, kindness, threats, punishment, were of no avail. It frequently seemed that the expedition was doomed to failure. Still, the white men of the party, though only chosen from the ordinary class of Englishmen, did their duty not only bravely, but, according to Stanley, "heroically." He speaks of them as follows: "Though suffering from fever and dysentery, insulted by natives, marching under the heat and equinoctial rain-storms, they at all times proved themselves of noble, manly natures, stout-hearted, brave, and, better than all, true Christians. Unrepining they bore their hard fate and worse fare; resignedly they endured their arduous troubles, and cheerfully performed their allotted duties."

The western boundary of Ugogo was reached December 21, 1874. After resting three days, the expedition struck north across an almost level plain, which, it was said, extended as far as the Nyanza. The natives on being questioned told the travellers that they were skirting the western extremity of Wahumba. Two days' march brought them to the confines of Usandawi, a land "famous for elephants;" but here the route planned out inclined northwest, and Ukimbi or Uyanzi was entered at its northeastern extremity. Guides had been hired at Ugogo to conduct the party as far as Iramba; but at Muhalala these guides absconded. Another contingent of guides was then secured at Muhalala, but after a day's march, still in a northwesterly direction, these rascals likewise decamped, and the expedition was left on the verge of a wild wilderness wholly destitute of any guides at all. But victuals for two days had been prudently purchased by Stanley, so that this renewed abandonment did not discourage him to any great extent.

The march was continued. But on the second day the narrow and faintly defined track became hopelessly entangled in a labyrinth of elephant and rhinoceros trails. "The best men," writes Stanley, "were dispatched in all directions to seek the vanished road; but they were all unsuccessful, and we had no resource left but the compass." The next day brought them into a dense jungle of acacia and euphorbia, through which they could only force their way by scrambling or crawling on all fours. At times the under-wood and interlacing shrubbery formed natural tunnels through which they could pass; again they were obliged to cut the convolvuli and creepers, and thrust aside thorny bushes, watching all the while for any slight opening in the forest, of which, by making a *détour*, they might take advantage. "On the evening of the third day," writes the weary and toil-worn explorer, "the first death in this dismal waste occurred."

The fourth day only fourteen miles were made, and the march was if possible more arduous than any thing that had preceded it. Not a drop of water was to be procured, and the feebler people of the company staggered under their burdens and lagged behind the rear-guard many miles, thus causing much additional labor to fall upon that division of the party, at the head of which were "two white men." It need scarcely be said who led the van in this terrible battle with the forest. It was, of course, Stanley, with the flags of England and America in his wake. The first banner, as the explorer explained at the reception given him in London by the Royal Geographical Society, was carried to gratify the patriotic feelings of his friends and companions the brothers Pocock. The scenes by the way-side were inexpressibly sad. As the file advanced, those that were able shouldered the burdens of their weaker brothers, and some of the poor fellows were enabled to reach the camp, where medicines and restoratives were administered to them. "But five," says Stanley, with patient regret, "strayed from the path which the passing expedition had made, and were never seen again. Scouts sent out to explore the woods found one dead about a mile from our road. The others must have wandered on until they also fell down and died."

On the fifth day a small village was reached called Uverivori; but the population consisted only of four negroes, their wives and picaninnies, and these poor folk had not a grain of food to spare. Most of the members of the expedition were too tired and hungry to move on further, so a halt was ordered, and Stanley sent a detachment of twenty of the strongest men to Suna, twenty-nine miles northwest from Uverivori, to purchase food. In the mean while he himself vainly explored the woods in search of game. Two



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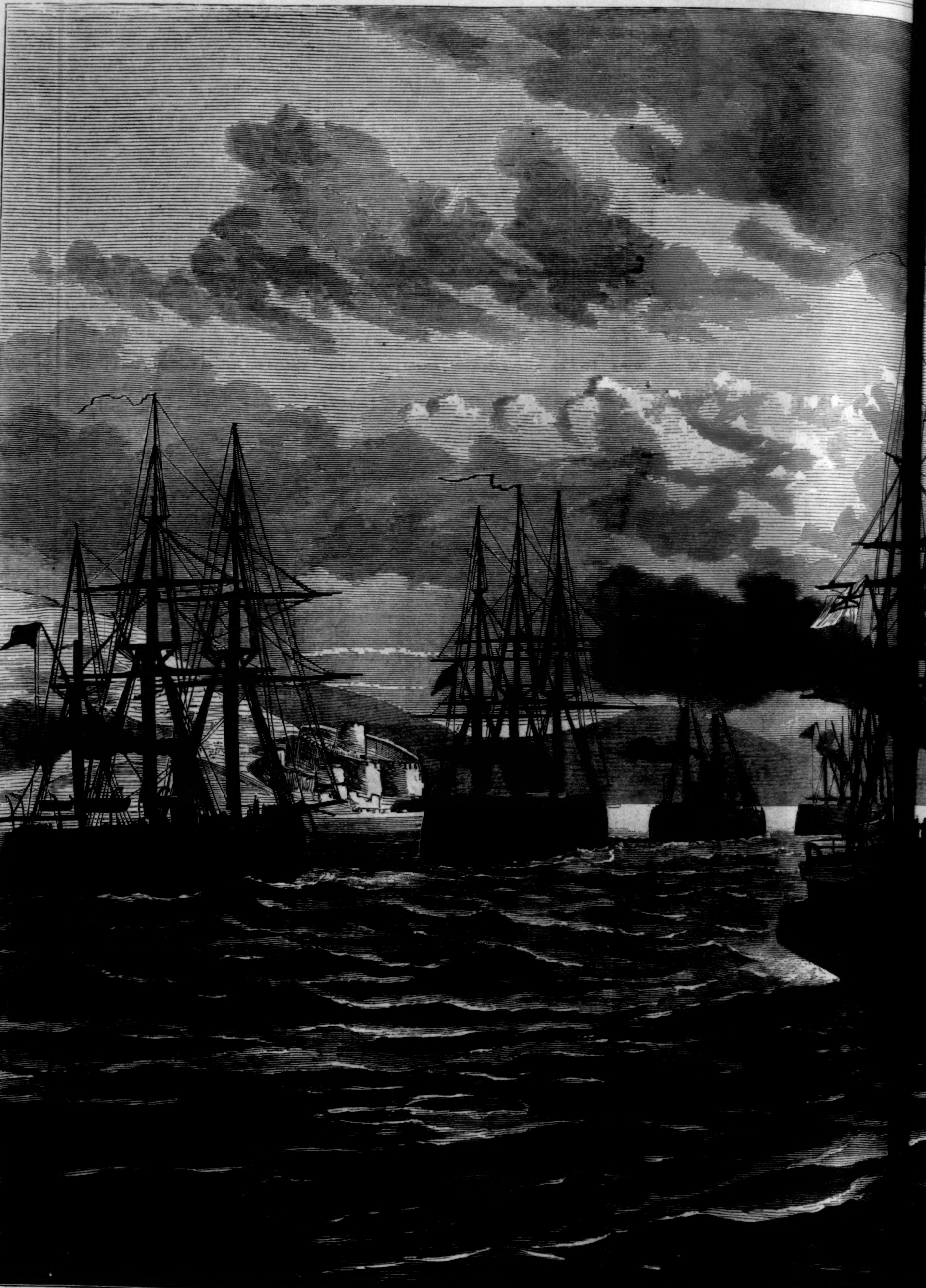
MR. H. M. STANLEY'S ANGLO-AMERICAN EXPEDITION FOR THE EXPLORATION OF CENTRAL AFRICA—THE BURIAL OF EDWARD POCOCK IN HOSTILE TURU.



Port Division: *Research.* *Swiftsure.* *Hotspur.* *Agincourt* (flag-ship).

THE BRITISH FLEET STEA

of his men discovered a lion's den and took possession of two young cubs, which were afterward killed and eaten, but **Stanley** himself returned to the camp empty-handed. In speaking of the expression on the face of his followers as they watched his return from this fruitless expedition, he says: "I could have wept if I could have done so without exciting fear of our fate in their minds; but I resolved to do something to relieve the pressing needs of fierce hunger. To effect this a sheet-iron trunk was emptied of its contents, and, being filled with water, was placed on the fire. I then broke upon our medical stores, and took five pounds of Scotch oatmeal and three tins of Revalenta Arabica, with which I made gruel to feed 220 men." The anxiety of mind suffered by the explorer at this time must have been almost insupportable. There was every probability that the twenty strong men sent to Suna to buy food would never appear again, and the period during which the sound of the volley of musketry, whereby they had been ordered to announce their return with stores, was waited for, must have been one of positive anguish.

After the lapse of forty-eight hours the joyful sound of guns was heard, and the messengers came back with a quantity of grain. The famished company eagerly devoured the "provand," and so glowing were the reports given about the corn to be had in Suna that **Stanley**'s people all clamored to be led in that direction. Nothing loath himself to emerge from the fatal jungle, the explorer yielded to their wishes; but two more poor fellows expired before the camp broke up. After spending the night at the base of a rocky eminence overlooking a broad plain, they again set out, and, striking northward, completed a march of twenty miles "under a fervid sun." Then the district of Suna, in Urimi, was reached. At this place were discovered a people "remarkable," as **Stanley** expresses it, "for their manly beauty, noble proportions, and utter nakedness." Yet, in spite of their physical comeliness, **Stanley** thought the Sunians, or Sunites, "the most suspicious people" he had yet seen. He says: "It required great tact and patience to induce them to part with food in exchange for our cloth and beads. They owned no chief, but respected the injunctions of their elders, with whom I treated for leave to pass through their land. The permission was grudgingly given, and food was reluctantly sold; but we bore all this silent hostility patiently, and I took good care that no overt act on the part of the expedition should change their suspicion into hatred."

In this place **Stanley** was compelled to remain four days; and here, among hostile natives, deprived of all the comforts of civilized life, and tortured by an African sun, the devoted **Edward Pocock** sickened and died, and was buried, as shown in our engraving, under a tree, on which his brother **Frank** had cut a cross.

THE DARDANELLES.

The ancient Hellespont, or Sea of Helle, now known as the Dardanelles, is a narrow but important strait connecting the Sea of Marmora with the Grecian Archipelago, and forming one of the approaches to Constantinople. At its entrance stand the two old castles of Sestos and Abydos, now called Sed-il-Bahr and Kum Kaleh. These were built in 1658 by **Mohammed** IV., and are still in good repair, but the legends that cling around them are romantic rather than warlike. This is the very spot where Leander, lover of Hero, made his nightly excursions to meet the beautiful priestess of Venus, and finally sank beneath the waves. Here Lord **Byron** renewed the feat of Leander, without being a lover. In fact, as the French author **Gautier** pithily expresses it, "he himself was the 'Hero' of his own exploit, and instead of finding a lovely maiden awaiting him on emerging from the water, he found only a fever. He took an hour and ten minutes to accomplish the feat, and seemed more proud of it than of the authorship of 'Childe Harold' or 'The Corsair'—an *amour propre* of the swimmer quite conceivable by those who have ever prided themselves upon their prowess in that art." Here, also, the great Persian **Xerxes** caused the bridge to be constructed which he designed for the passage of his army. It was this same monarch who issued the command that the sea should be flogged for its disrespectful behavior in breaking the structure he had planned. This bridge has been cited as one of the most remarkable instances of human folly and vanity; but when the narrowness of the strait is considered, and the desirability of a crossing at this point, the project does not seem so ridiculous. Indeed, **Xerxes** only attempted on a larger scale what had already been accomplished by **Alexander** the Great.

Sed-il-Bahr and Kum Kaleh stand about two miles apart, and whatever they may have done in former days in the way of defending the entrance of the Dardanelles, at present they may be easily disregarded by any fleet that chooses to pass them. The real defenses of the channel are higher up, at Kilid Bahr and Chanak Kilissa, where the shores are but a mile distant from each other. From the entrance the European bank is the more elevated, rising abruptly but not precipitously from the water's edge to a height of from 100 feet to 200 feet. At Kilid Bahr there is a slight peninsula. Here the ground is low between the water and the hill behind, and on the point are some batteries. These are mounted with several 38-ton or 40-ton Krupp guns, some of which are on earth-works, and others *en barbette*. The latter, however, could not be worked should a fleet fighting its way up the channel approach them, as the fire from the small-arms and from the Gatling guns in the tops would completely sweep them. The guns in the earth-works are better protected; but even these would probably be silenced by those of the fleet. On the crest of the hill, about 100 feet above the water, are some very powerful batteries. These would constitute the greatest danger to advancing vessels, as, from their elevation, the shot of a fleet would pass over them, while guns would be able to play down upon the decks, which are the most vital part of iron-clad ships. Immediately behind the point at Kilid Bahr the shore falls away almost at a right angle, and this increases the difficulty of an ascending squadron, for the force of the stream runs across the channel, and has a tendency to take the head of a vessel meeting it over toward Chanak. This is the course which merchant steamers going up the Dardanelles generally follow. From the entrance

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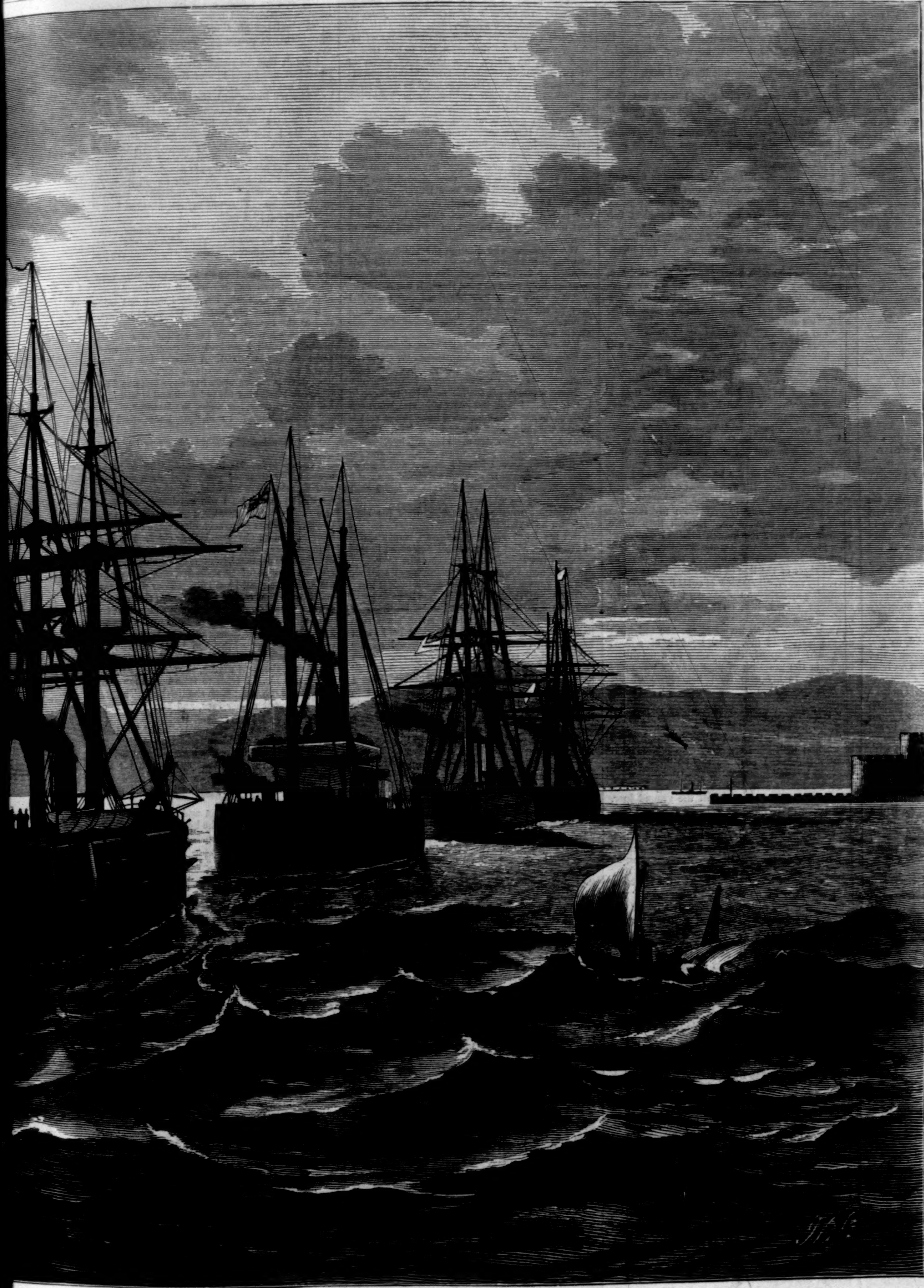

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The recent entrance of the strait by the British fleet was, however, accomplished without any challenge from Turkish guns. The fencing in regard to the matter which went on for some time between the two governments was in reality not so much about the granting of a new firman, as about the validity of the old one, which had never been revoked. At first, it seems, the Turks were inclined, if possible, to evade the determination of this point by contesting the sufficiency of the reason brought forward by England for using the permit, pointing to the reports sent in to their respective governments by the representatives of France, Italy, and Germany, which were deemed so conclusive by the first two countries that they had countermanded the instructions sent their ambassadors to demand a firman of the Porte for the passage of two men-of-war. As England, however, insisted on her right to use the firman, claiming to be the only judge as to the sufficiency of the reason for so doing, the question of the validity of the passport could not well be evaded. In this respect Turkey had plausible ground for contesting the continued force of the paper, circumstances having changed since its delivery; and as the Porte was no longer at war, but at peace, it could be argued that it did not any longer possess the right even of admitting foreign men-of-war into the Dardanelles and the Bosporus. The reasoning, though apparently plausible, could not be admitted by England or any of the other signatories of the Treaty of Paris, were they in the same position, without vitiating the rights derived from this international instrument. Turkey, it is true, had signed peace preliminaries and an armistice, but this did not amount to peace between the Sultan and the Czar, and could much less be so regarded by the European powers, which, like England, had made the definitive character of the peace dependent on approval by the signatories of the Treaty of Paris, declaring beforehand null and void any stipulations between the belligerents affecting this treaty or the London protocol of 1871, without the consent of the powers. This fencing about the point of right went on for some days, the British government insisting on its right of passage by virtue of the firman already in hand, and the Porte as doggedly contesting this right, hinting plainly enough that it would eventually resist any attempt on the part of England to take advantage of the previous permit. The Sultan himself even telegraphed to the Czar that he would not allow the passage, and was determined to resist it in the end.

Thus, when the order finally went forth that the fleet was to proceed to enter the strait, there was sufficient prospect of opposition to make the event exciting. The following extract from a letter of an officer aboard one of the vessels gives an interesting description of the passage: "The morning of the 24th of January was calm and sunshiny, as the fleet lay quietly at anchor in Vourlah Bay, expecting the arrival of the mail and news from Europe, of which there had been a considerable dearth. Toward noon the wind began to rise to a stiff breeze, and, while lunch was on, a telegram arrived, the upshot of which was that the signal went up to prepare instantly for sea. Before five o'clock the fleet, consisting of the *Salamis* (the yacht of the commander-in-chief), the *Agincourt* (flag-ship of Sir J. E. COMMERELL), the *Swiftsure*, *Téméraire*, *Sultan*, *Rupert*, *Hotspur*, *Ruby*, and *Research*, were under way, and proceeded to the north past the island of Lesbos. The orders were to pass through the Dardanelles peacefully, if possible, but to resist any attempt at obstruction. It was a prevalent idea in the fleet that permission had been granted in the first instance by the Turkish government, but that it had been subsequently rescinded. The night of the departure was stormy, and the day dawned bleak and rainy, when the island of Tenedos came in view. The *Salamis* steamed into Besika Bay for latest telegrams, and on coming out the admiral shifted his flag to the *Sultan*, the vice-consul from Chanak also arriving and embarking on board that ship. The fleet then received orders to prepare for action without any outward demonstration, so that, though the upper yards were sent down, the top-gallant masts were left standing. The *Salamis* then steamed ahead to Chanak, to give warning of the approach of the fleet. Early in the afternoon the entrance was reached; the fleet halted for a short time at the Rubicon, and then, in good order, column of divisions line ahead, steamed quickly into the Dardanelles. No attack was expected from the forts Sedil-Bahr, or Castle of Europe, and Kum Kaleh, the Castle of Asia, at the entrance, as in any case the fight for the passage must have really taken place at Chanak, the narrowest part of the strait, the entrance being over two miles wide. The guns were now loaded and run not quite out, but only level with the ship's side, and with the tompions in them. Those ships possessing Gatling guns hoisted them into the tops, so as to bring them to bear on the embrasures of the forts. The men were cheerful and steady, though at the moment every man believed that fighting must ensue with the terrible forts at Chanak; and yet none knew whom they were going to fight, whether Turks or Russians, nor why they were going to fight them, for in the fleet there was no news of what was going on in the world ashore. At length the terrible Chanak was approached; and then at the last moment was seen a signal hoisted from the *Salamis*, which told that the passage would not be disputed. The *Sultan* then saluted the Turkish flag and proceeded with the *Salamis*; yet, to the general disappointment, the remainder of the fleet was ordered to return to the nearest anchorage, Besika Bay."

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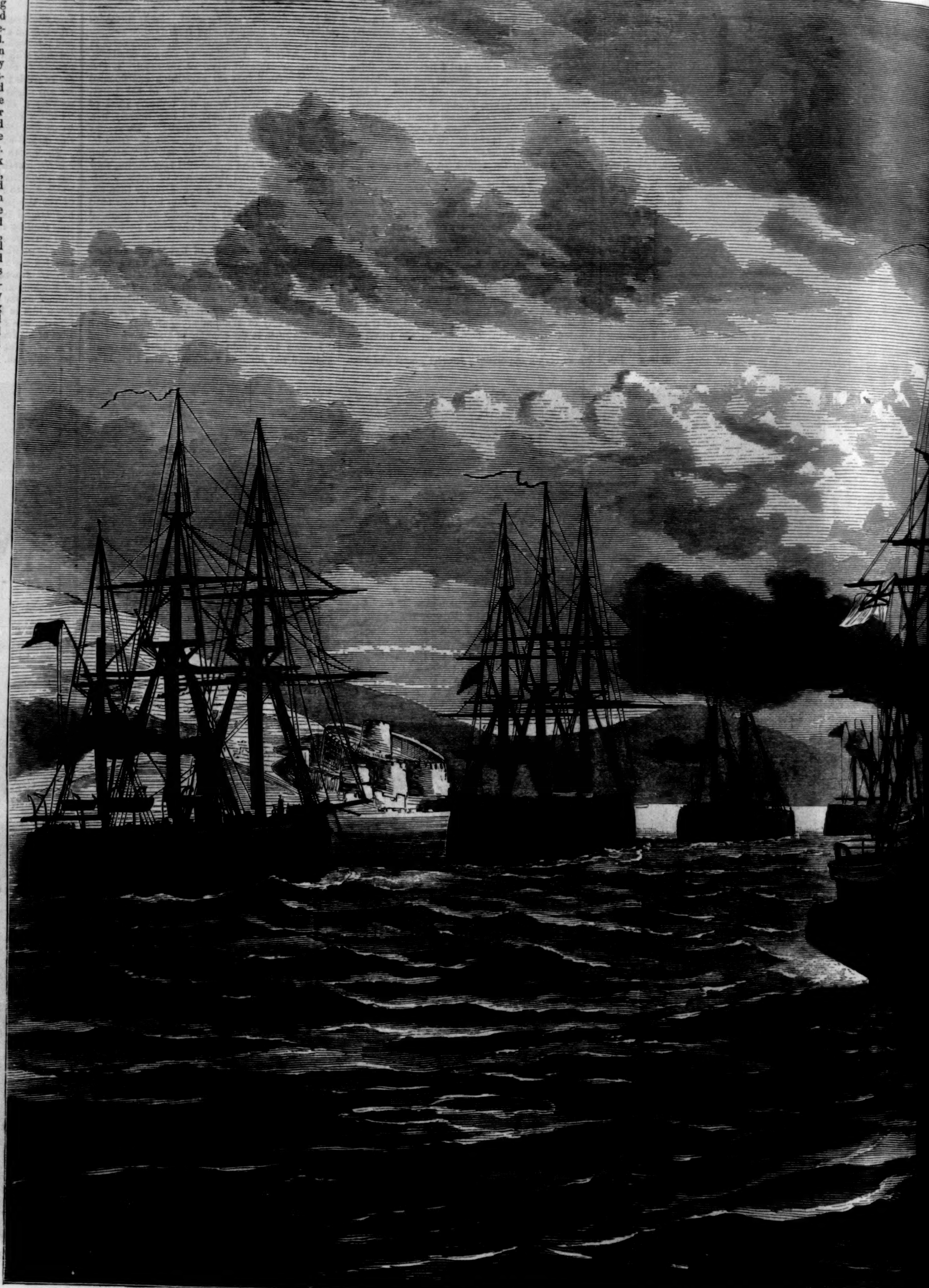

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THE BRITISH FLEET STE

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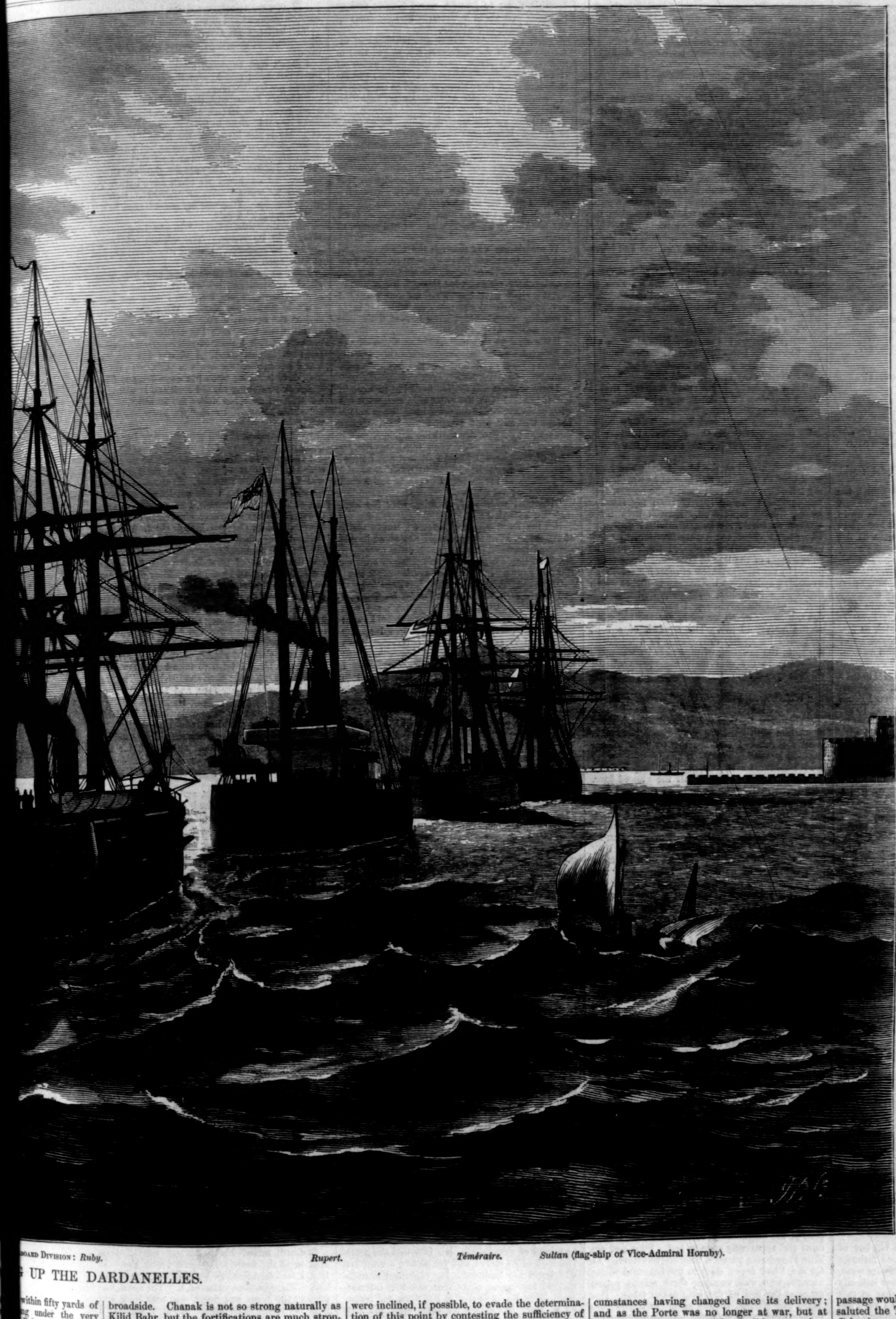

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